

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3206.—VOL. CXVII.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1900.

SIXPENCE.



A ROYAL EXPLORER AT VENICE: THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI PASSING UNDER THE PONTE DI RIALTO.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. G. D'AMATO.

The Duke of the Abruzzi, who has just returned from his Arctic expedition, visited Queen Margherita on September 20. He was welcomed at the station by the civic authorities, and proceeded to the Royal Palace in a State gondola.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

We are in the throes of a General Election, and the air rings with party cries, and with the wrath of virtuous men at the brazen assertions of their opponents. It is comical to see the champions manœuvring for positions of vantage, and to hear them abusing one another the while for lack of scruple. An inordinate amount of human nature breaks out in electioneering, and upsets all the fine theories of political philosophers as to the qualifications that ought to be exacted from every man who claims a voice in the government of his country. Pat to this occasion comes an able and suggestive book by Dr. Stodart-Walker, called "The Struggle for Success," in which he deplors the exercise of the suffrage by an untrained democracy. A vote without education is, in his opinion, as inimical to the public interests as the practice of medicine without a diploma. He appears to think that as a trained physician diagnoses a disease, and prescribes for it, a trained elector ought to diagnose a political situation, and vote upon it. He forgets that, whereas in a medical prescription human nature is reduced to a minimum, in a vote it is rampant in every form and ebullition of passion and traditional prejudice, and raises all the bubble, toil and trouble of the witches' caldron of our party system.

Dr. Stodart-Walker has a calm and detached mind, and he does not see why a man who fails to satisfy an educational test should be allowed to take a hand in working the machinery of public affairs. It ought to be "decreed" that "no one shall be registered as a voter who shall not show evidence of considerable knowledge of history, political economy, and international relationships." Dr. Stodart-Walker draws up an examination-paper that reminds me of boyhood's unhappy hours. "What were the questions involved in the struggle between King and Parliament that led to the appointment of Oliver Cromwell as dictator?" "State broadly the factors that led to the fall of the Roman Republics." A cold sweat breaks over me. I remember the awful day when I sat down in a large chilly hall to grapple with propositions of this kind under the unfriendly gaze of Oxford local examiners. A boy has to submit to that sort of tyranny; but would the elector stand it? Would he accept this curse of Cromwell meekly, or would he ask what in the name of rates and taxes it had to do with his right to vote? It is very well for Dr. Stodart-Walker to tell us that this discipline ought to be "decreed." Who is going to "decree" it? Parliament can do anything with a mandate from the constituencies; but what constituency would ask for a decree that no elector should be allowed to vote until he had proved that he knew all about Cromwell and the Roman Republics? You cannot set up educational tests at this time of day, because, apart from the obvious inadequacy of any formula (how could the most intimate acquaintance with Cromwell help anyone to a just opinion of the Workmen's Compensation Act?), the democracy has the control of its own affairs, and will vote upon them as it pleases by that force of numbers which, unphilosophical as it may seem, is the supreme force in the State.

We are always hankering after that impossible ideal of the government of the uncultured and thoughtless many by the wise and educated few. A benevolent despotism of pure knowledge! What an attractive speculation! But the few have had their chance in history, and what have they done with it? Was there ever a single State in which the trained politicians who treated the people as so many pawns did not, sooner or later, make a guilty mess of their opportunities? It is a sad conclusion; but human nature will have it so, and human nature cannot be educated by examination-papers. There is a handful of sublime diplomatists who carry on the moral character of the civilised world. By a pleasing fiction they are called the Concert of Europe. Is there anything in their management of the Cretan affair, of the Armenian affair, of this affair of Mrs. Brownrigg of Peking, that calls for our admiration? What conceivable educational standard will qualify a diplomatist not to sacrifice the common-sense of justice, and even the common-sense of expediency, to the supposed needs of a traditional policy? It is only when you contemplate the historical blunders of statesmen that you see how futile is the hope that the world can be saved by the imperfections of the sagacious minority. The Abbé Jerome Coignard, whose opinions have been so agreeably edited by M. Anatole France, held that statecraft at the best was a methodical bungling, and that, luckily for the people at large, their substantial interests were not much affected. Another wise man wrote—

How small of all that human hearts endure
That part which kings or laws can cause or cure!

This ought to console Dr. Stodart-Walker when he reflects how many votes will be given in this General Election by people who have no proper knowledge of Oliver Cromwell.

Our party system alone makes anything like a scientific basis of government impossible. Some philosophers, I know, dream of its extinction; but they are not able to dream of its successor. It is a natural law that some minds should seek change, and it is also a natural law that other minds should be sceptical of change. These conflicting forces, despite some strange mutations, will always be the

life and soul of our party system. Your educated elector does not vote with his party because he has learned all about the Roman Republics. It is often because fidelity to his party is in his blood; it is probably an heirloom that has come down to him through generations. You cannot listen to people without noticing how little education has to do with political conviction—I mean education in history, political economy, and international relationships. The education that affects political conviction is, in most cases, entirely social, a matter of family inheritance and the development of hereditary temperament. The supremacy of temperament is admirably illustrated in Walter Bagehot's delightful sketch of Lord Eldon. Nothing could persuade Eldon that the slightest change was not a change for the worse. Reform, in his opinion, was complicity with crime, and people who wanted to abolish capital punishment for theft were enemies of righteousness, and dangerous to the commonweal. This man was Lord Chancellor of England, and the ruling spirit of the Government in his day; and yet there were thousands of his humble countrymen, wholly without his education and attainments, but immeasurably his superiors in humanity and sense, and all the qualities that make for sound politics.

If only political life were no more complex than it is in Afghanistan, where a weary ruler broods over the misbehaviour of his people, but is none the less resolute in seeking their good! In Mr. Murray's new *Monthly Review* there is a fascinating chapter of autobiography by the Ameer. He has a hard life. He has to keep his Afghan goat, he says, out of the jaws of a Lion on one side and a Bear on the other; and as if that were not enough, he has to compose the quarrels and quell the intrigues of his subjects, who are unconscionable liars. "I have to make inquiries to find out the truth, and this wastes more than half of my valuable time. On many occasions I get quite discouraged." But there are compensations. The Ameer takes it out of the story-tellers—not the unconscionable liars, but the professors of agreeable fiction, the novelists of Afghanistan. They have to sit at his bedside, and tell their tales all night until he wakes in the morning. "This is very soothing, as the constant murmur of the story-teller's voice lulls my tired nerves and brain." What think ye of this, creators of masterpieces, and commanders of many divisions? "There is another advantage," says the Ameer, "in sleeping through the droning noise of the story-teller's recitations—namely, that one gets accustomed to noise." This, I must admit, is revolting selfishness, and I should like Mr. Hall Caine to do justice on this Eastern tyrant by reading "The Christian" to him for a thousand-and-one nights.

I am indebted to a Canadian correspondent, Mr. Mack Holt, of Belleville, Ontario, for a pamphlet which sets forth the remarkable case of Mr. Ponton, a clerk in the Dominion Bank at Belleville, who was twice tried for alleged complicity in the robbery of a bank safe. The safe was broken into by expert thieves. Before they were caught, Mr. Ponton was tried the first time, and the jury disagreed. At the second trial he was associated with the actual culprits, two of whom sought to save themselves by turning Queen's evidence against him. It was a most ingenious idea. They had studied the evidence given at the first trial, and out of this they constructed a story that made Ponton their accomplice. They were encouraged by the detectives and backed by the whole strength of the Crown prosecution. The principal criminal was a notorious scoundrel who had been breaking into safes and breaking out of jail all his life, and had obviously not the smallest scruple in vamping up a lying tale to gain his liberty. This was plain to the jury, but not to the intellect that conducted the case for the Crown, and not to the experience and capacity of the Dominion Bank. These luminaries had no suspicion of the truth, even when the second thief turned Queen's evidence in the hope of sharing his comrade's immunity.

The circumstantial evidence against Ponton was one of those webs in which innocence is sometimes entangled by the perversity of accident. It was strong enough to cause a disagreement of the first jury, and he was really saved by the folly of the prosecution in accepting the aid of two hardened knaves, who had every chance of profit in successful lying. The second jury acquitted Ponton because they were not slaves to the fixed idea that had paralysed Crown lawyers and eminent bankers. I commend this case to people who scoff at juries because juries are lacking in specialised intelligence. Of what good was the specialised intelligence of the detectives, and counsel, and eminent bankers, who had pinned their faith to a pair of seasoned rascals, turned Queen's evidence? Mr. Ponton had offended the Dominion Bank by presuming to demand damages for false imprisonment; he had offended the Crown lawyers by escaping conviction at the first trial; he had offended the detectives, who, having invented a theory, stuck to it with the foolish pertinacity of which your detective is the worst example. Hence the eclipse of specialised intelligence by very weak and obstinate human nature. . . . Oh, that human nature! Give us a prescription for it, my dear Dr. Stodart-Walker. Find some wonderful drug that will save august oracles from being put to open shame by the native shrewdness of "the man in the street"!

CHINA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

During the past ten days there has been a notable resumption of active military operations on the part of the Allied forces in China, the results, it is satisfactory to be able to add, being uniformly successful. Besides minor reconnaissances, there have been two specially important expeditions from Peking and Taku respectively, the first directed against the temples in the hills to the west of Peking, where the Boxers were known to be holding the British summer residences, the other against the Peitang Forts, a little to the north of Taku. The latter operation was carried out by a combined force of 4000 Russians, 3000 Germans, 1000 French, and a detachment of Austrian marines on Sept. 20. The bombardment commenced at daybreak and was continued up to noon, being briskly replied to till ten o'clock. At noon the aggravating discovery was made that, in spite of the arrangements which had been made to cut off the retreat of the garrison, the latter, amounting to 3000 men, had escaped, leaving only four dead Chinamen in the forts. The capture of these works is, however, of considerable importance, as the hostile occupation of such coast defences renders progress against widespread disturbances in the interior extremely difficult. The Peitang Forts, like those at Taku, are evidently to be strongly held by the Allies during the winter.

The expedition to the west of Peking was a joint Anglo-American one of 1500 men, with four guns, under the command of General Wilson, of the United States army. The expedition started on Sept. 17, and on Sept. 18 captured the temples at Pa-ta-chu without opposition. Owing to a misunderstanding, the force failed to cut off the enemy's retreat, and the Boxers escaped with a loss of only ten killed. At the same time a party of Bengal Lancers and Sikhs proceeded to the new Chinese arsenal at San-kia-tien and destroyed a quantity of modern machinery and ammunition.

There are renewed reports of withdrawals from Peking, a recent and apparently authoritative statement being to the effect that the winter garrison will only consist of some 10,000 men, including one British brigade. It is, however, difficult to speak with certainty in the present obscure state of the political situation. A by no means satisfactory feature of the latter is the presence at Taku of Li Hung-Chang, who has been treated with singular deference by the Russians, while wholly ignored by the British and German authorities.

Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee arrived at Shanghai on Sept. 21, and received a notable welcome. Among the troops paraded in his honour the Bengal Cavalry and other Indian corps were conspicuous, and it was under an escort of Bengal Lancers that the Field-Marshal proceeded on landing to the German Consulate. General Count von Waldersee is travelling from Shanghai via Taku to Peking, but it is said that he will shortly return to winter at the first-named place. The impression is growing that his rôle will not be so much that of a military leader as that of a military diplomatist, and it is clear that in this capacity he is not likely to find much leisure during the next few months.

SOUTH AFRICA.

On Sept. 19 Lord Roberts, telegraphing from Nelspruit, made use of the satisfactory expression "there is nothing now left of the Boer army save a few marauding bands." This confident statement has been amply justified by subsequent messages, the latest of which, at the time of writing, announces the occupation of Komati Poort by the Guards Brigade, under General Pole-Carew. The definite conclusion thus arrived at is beyond question. By a masterly combined movement Lord Roberts has simply squeezed the only appreciable force of the enemy left in the field out of the Transvaal at the very point at which for months past they have been fed with supplies from Delagoa Bay.

The progress of the various columns pressing eastwards appears to have been uniformly successful. Buller obtained the surrender of fifty-eight burghers at Spitzkop, and of a score more at Devil's Knuckles. Pole-Carew and Hamilton, moving along the rail, appear to have encountered no opposition, the 3000 Boers who retreated from Machadodorp having continued their retirement until they reached Komati Poort. Here they took up a position on the hills overlooking the station, on which they posted a number of guns, including two "Long Toms" and ten 6-pounders. Generals Pienaar and Coetzee were in command, and a desperate engagement seemed possible. On the morning of the 23rd, however, the Boers destroyed their "Long Toms," crossed the border, and surrendered, with their arms, ammunition, and horses, to the Portuguese force which has been watching the frontier for some weeks past. The Portuguese at once sent the 3000 Boers under escort to Delagoa Bay, where they have all been lodged at the barracks. In the afternoon of the same day (Sept. 23) the advance guard of the Guards Brigade, under Pole-Carew, entered Komati Poort.

During the progress of these important and highly satisfactory operations in the east, there has been a good deal of desultory fighting in other directions, the advantage in all cases resting with us. Methuen has been particularly busy on the western border, and on Sept. 19 and 20 made a famous haul of sheep and cattle not far from Vryburg. Kelly-Kenny has dealt successfully with a concentration at Doornberg, north-east of Winburg, and reports that there is now no organised opposition in the south of the Orange River Colony. Hildyard, on Sept. 19, occupied Vryheid, close to the northern frontier of Natal, having turned the strong position held by Christian Botha; and Hart is moving successfully against a band near Potchefstroom, possibly commanded by De Wet, who recently visited that place with only eight men.

Another highly satisfactory affair is reported from Elands River. There is only a small British garrison here, and this was attacked on Sept. 22 by a party from Erasmus's commando. The latter was beaten off, and on withdrawing was engaged by Plumer's Bushmen, losing eleven men taken prisoners and a quantity of stock. Meanwhile Paget, who was in the neighbourhood, made a long night-march of twenty-six miles and captured the Boer camp, together with 2500 cattle and 6000 sheep.

PERSONAL.

By the death of Marshal Martinez Campos, Spain loses the soldier who saved her from the Carlists. He restored the Bourbon monarchy, and was the most devoted servant that the Alfonsist dynasty has ever had. The most successful military statesman in Spain, he failed in Cuba; but then, every Spanish administrator failed in Cuba. The peculiar conditions of that island made Spanish rule impossible. Moreover, Martinez Campos did not have a fair chance, for he could not induce the Spanish Government to carry out his policy of conciliation. The crowning glory of his career was his poverty, for, unlike every other Governor-General of Cuba, he did not abuse his position by appropriating the public money.

The welcome given to the Duke of the Abruzzi on his return home is characteristic of the new spirit of Italy in its recognition of colonisers and explorers. In Rome especially was the adventurous Polar traveller received with acclamation as he passed to the Pantheon to place a wreath upon the tomb of his relative, King Humbert. The news of that tragedy, which awaited him on his landing, no doubt took some of the heart out of the not altogether unsensational news he had to offer in return—that he had been further



THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI,
The Arctic Explorer.

north than Nansen. The Italians reached a point in latitude 86 deg. 33 min. N., whereas Nansen's zenith was 86 deg. 14 min. N. The supremacy of Northerners for Arctic travel seems to be in jeopardy; and the Duke of the Abruzzi, who is still a man of early middle life, has announced his determination to reach, before many more years are over, the North Pole.

Continental philanthropists who call Lord Roberts's proclamation "infamous" should tell us what they think of General Grobsky's proclamation to the Chinese of Manchuria. He tells them that many of their towns and villages have been burnt and the inhabitants massacred, and warns them that if a Russian should be shot or otherwise injured, not a single inhabitant of the district where this happens will be left alive. This is how the gentle Muscovite makes war in Asia while the St. Petersburg journals denounce the inhumanity of the British!

Slatin Pasha has been appointed British Inspector-General of the Soudan. This brilliant soldier is even now only forty years of age. Eleven years he spent in captivity, and he learned the fate of Gordon when the head of that brave man was brutally thrown into his tent. The British Government is singularly fortunate in securing the services of Sir Rudolph Slatin, and the Austrian Army must be as loth to lose him as the British Army is glad to gain him.

Captain the Hon. Maurice Archibald Bourke, R.N., whose death took place at Parc le Brios, Swansea, was a brother of the present Earl of Mayo, and heir-presumptive to the title. Born in December 1853, he entered the Royal Navy as a cadet in 1867, and was a Gunner-Lieutenant of the *Alexandra* at the bombardment of Alexandria. Early in 1890 he became Assistant-Director of Naval Intelligence; and he was Captain of the *Victoria*, flying the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir G. Tryon, when that vessel came into disastrous collision with the *Camperdown*. Captain Bourke afterwards served as Assistant-Director of Torpedoes at the Admiralty, and was in command of one of the vessels on the North American and West Indian Station. For some months before his death Captain Bourke had acted as private secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, and he was an extra Equerry to the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.



Photo. Spink & Sons.
THE LATE CAPTAIN THE HON. M. A. BOURKE, R.N.,
Formerly Captain of H.M.S. Victoria.

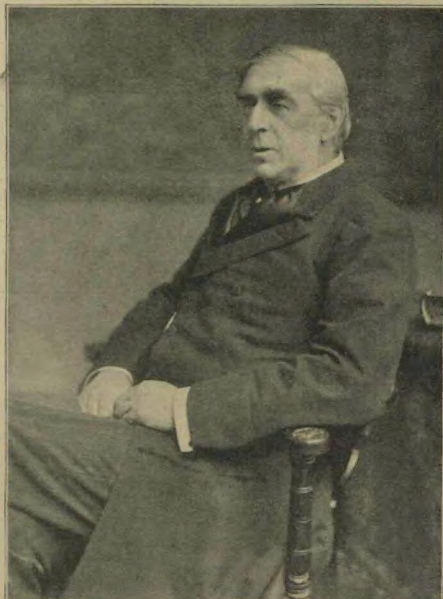
The return of Lord Durham to the Liberal ranks does something to redress locally that balance of parties which Home Rule upset in the North of England as elsewhere. First one thing and then another, happening under the administration of Lord Salisbury and the Liberal Unionists, made a malcontent of Lord Durham; and finally the candidature of his brother, the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, restored him to that political allegiance associated with his family for generations. Lord Durham, who is a man of many high qualities, and who has a happy knack in the written or spoken expression of his opinions, is known outside the political world as an ardent member of the Jockey Club, and in that sphere also as a reformer. He is a friend of Lord Rosebery, whose Liberal Imperialist manifesto takes the form of a letter to "My dear Hedworth."

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Lieutenant H. T. Stanley, who was killed in a skirmish near Hexport, belonged to the West Somerset company

of Imperial Yeomanry. The eldest son of Mr. E. J. Stanley, who sat in the last Parliament, he joined the West Somerset Yeomanry Cavalry three and a half years ago, and last February was commissioned in the Imperial Yeomanry to go out to the war. In other fields also this much-regretted young officer had his fame. As a cricketer, he did useful service for Somersetshire on more than one occasion, last year scoring over a hundred for his own county against Gloucestershire.

The retirement of Mr. Goschen from the Parliamentary representation of St. George's, Hanover Square, will deprive the new House of Commons of a figure long familiar to it, first on the Liberal front bench, and then on the other. Mr. Goschen, who is sixty-nine years of age, was educated at Rugby and Oriel College, Oxford, and spent his earlier life in commerce as a member of the well-known firm of Fröhling and Goschen. His City



THE RIGHT HON. G. J. GOSCHEN,
Retiring from the House of Commons.

experience was all in his favour. Entering Parliament as the City's representative in 1863—a seat he held till 1880—he became in turn Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Paymaster-General, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, President of the Poor Law Board, and First Lord of the Admiralty. After the formation of the Liberal Unionist Party, he accepted office under Lord Salisbury, first as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and later in his old quarters at the Admiralty. Mr. Goschen sat for Ripon and for Edinburgh, and he has filled the post of Lord Rector at the Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen.

Mr. William Blake Odgers, LL.D., Q.C., Recorder of Winchester since 1897, but now the new Recorder of Plymouth, has thus the pleasure of an important association with his native town. He was born there in 1849, the son of the Rev. W. J. Odgers, Unitarian Minister. Educated at the Bath Grammar School, where he began his career as an exhibition and prize winner, he passed on to University College and to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar at Middle Temple in 1873. Mr. Odgers, who has the reputation of being a fluent and an effective speaker, has also done a good deal of work with his pen. The story of King Arthur and of the Arthurian romance has been his



Photo. Meall and Fox.
MR. W. BLAKE ODGERS, Q.C.,
The New Recorder of Plymouth.

hobby, but he is best known, in his own profession at any rate, as the author of "Odgers on Libel," "Odgers on Local Government," and "Odgers on Pleading."

Mr. Kruger's position in international law seems to be still unsettled. It is pointed out that, while the Dutch Government has a perfect right to bring Mr. Kruger to Europe in a war-ship, it has no right to transport also the Transvaal gold and the public documents he has with him. Whether Mr. Kruger be a private person or still the head of a belligerent State, it will be a breach of neutrality all the same to help him to escape with the money and the archives of a country that has been conquered and annexed. This is probably the point of law that is delaying his departure from Lorenzo Marques.

Mr. Robert Rae, a veteran teetotal advocate, for many years secretary of the National Temperance League, died last Saturday at Westgate-on-Sea. Born in 1823 at Hamilton, N.B., he entered a Glasgow business house when he was eighteen, and thenceforth began his contributions to the temperance journals. Becoming secretary to the Scottish Temperance League, he entered, on behalf of the cause, into correspondence with Lord Macaulay, Archbishop Whately, Thomas Carlyle, De Quincey, and Christopher North. The founding of the *Commonwealth* newspaper absorbed his energies in 1853. Eight years later it closed its career, and London, the field of his future labours, gave him a welcome, over which George Cruikshank presided. Thirteen years ago Mr. Rae received a testimonial of £1500, accompanied by an address which referred to his long services as a Reformer. "One such man as Father Mathew or Robert Rae is worth all the Wellingtons or Napoleons who ever lived," was the dictum of Cardinal Manning. Two years ago Mr. Rae was knocked down by a cab in the City, and from the effect of the injuries he then received he never wholly recovered.

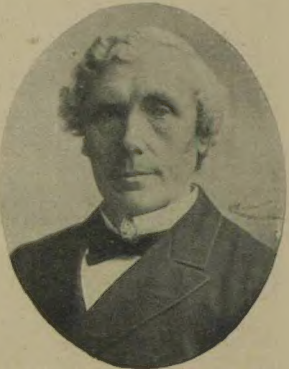


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. ROBERT RAE,
The Temperance Reformer.

Mr. Henniker Heaton, whose return is unopposed at Canterbury, has had a little semi-official recognition of his services to the cause of Postal Reform. The election literature issued by his party includes a pamphlet setting forth the advantages given to the citizen as a letter-writer during Lord Salisbury's Administration. The fact is undoubted; but the citizen is cognisant of the fact that the reforms in question were forced upon the Post Office, much against its will, by the public opinion which Mr. Henniker Heaton instructed and fostered. Mr. Heaton is said to have in store quite a number of little surprises for the Post Office, most of which, if not all, are likely to meet with considerable commendation from the letter-writing public.

Lieutenant William Bouchier Sherrard Wrey, R.N., First Lieutenant on H.M.S. *Bartlett*, the second flag-ship on the China Station, had the good fortune to be the senior Lieutenantlanded with the Naval Brigade to take part in the relief of Peking. Lieutenant Wrey is thirty-five years of age. He saw his first active service at Alexandria in 1882, and he has held his Lieutenantancy since 1888. Belonging to a county famous in sea-fights—Devon—Lieutenant Wrey is a younger son of Sir Henry Bouchier Toke Wrey, tenth Baronet; and he married, three years ago, Flora Bathurst, daughter of the late Vice-Admiral W. S. Grieve, of Ord House, Berwick-on-Tweed.

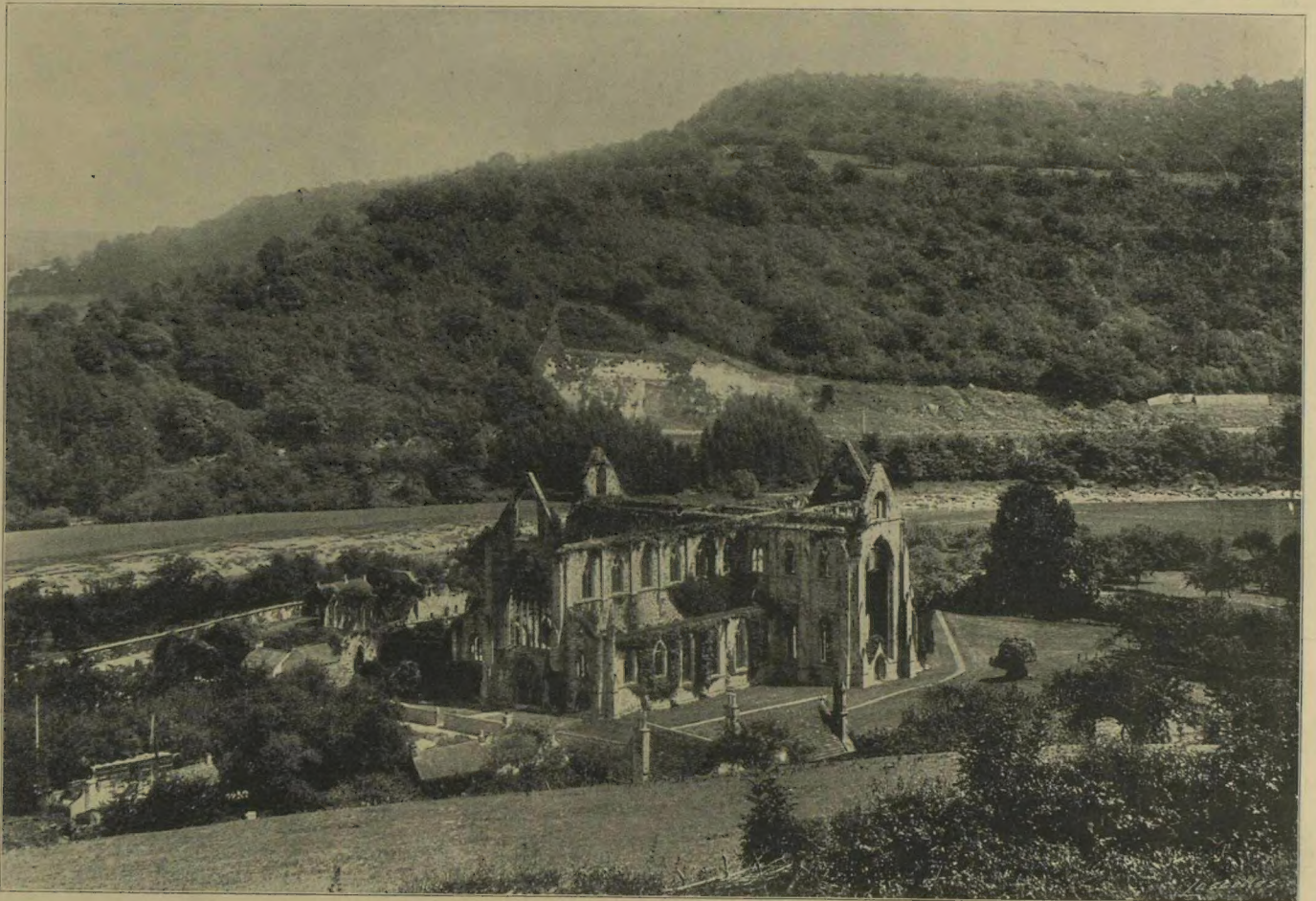


Photo. Thomson.
LIEUTENANT W. B. S. WREY, R.N.,
Senior Lieutenant of the Naval Brigade,
Peking Relief Force.

The Whitefriars Club, the oldest journalists' club in London, has been visiting Paris. A strong contingent of members organised by the manager of the National Press Agency, Mr. Arthur Spurgeon, were received by representative members of the Paris Press, and entertained with the utmost cordiality. The French Government showed a marked interest in the proceedings, and nothing could have exceeded the courtesy and goodwill of the official world.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, who is nearly seventy years of age, does not seek re-election to Parliament. He has not laid his pen wholly aside, and perhaps a new novel will take the place of foregone addresses to constituents in Longford and speeches at Westminster. Meanwhile other novelists, who lack at least Mr. McCarthy's ripeness of years, are eager for the Parliamentary fray—Mr. Barrie, Mr. Gilbert Parker, and others. No doubt it is of good augury to recall the days when Bulwer and Disraeli went into the House almost together, to prove that writers of fiction could make very practical Ministers of the Crown.

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Photo, Frith, Belgium.

TINTERN ABBEY, PURCHASED BY THE GOVERNMENT FROM THE DUKE OF DEAUFORT.



Photo, London Stereoscopic Co.

AN OLD CITY CUSTOM: THE LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS PROCLAIMING THE DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT FROM THE STEPS OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

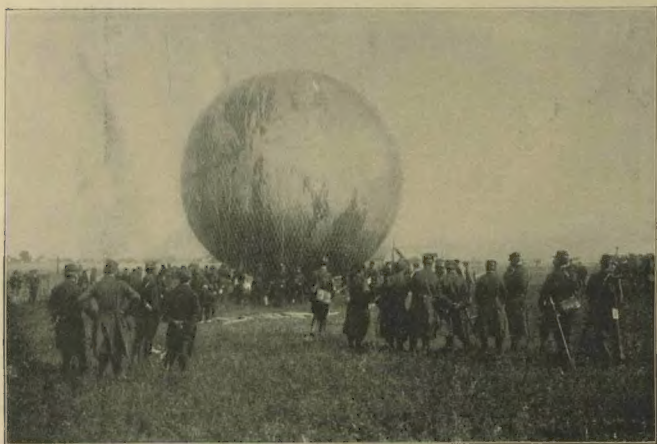
OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

WEST AFRICAN TROOPS AT BALMORAL.

The detachment of Yorubas and Madras Sappers and Miners who went to Balmoral last week to be inspected by the Queen were unofficially received at Ballater Station by a large crowd of sightseers, and officially by Major Gilstrap, of the Queen's Guard. The drive to Balmoral was made in magnificent weather, and Captain Molesworth drew his men up in front of the Castle, and put them through various

relinquished by Sir Claude, is a diplomatist with a tight grip on Eastern affairs, and, as British Minister at Tokio for the last five years, has proved, on various occasions, his foresight and ability. Born fifty-seven years ago, he took his degree at London University in 1861, and in the same year entered the Japan Consular Service as student-interpreter. The duties of various posts were fulfilled by him in turn, among the rest those of Japanese Secretary to the British Legation, Agent and Consul-General at Bangkok, Minister Resident at Montevideo, and Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Morocco. In 1895 came the transfer to Tokio, which now leads on to

banquet swallowed up the banquet of the Nationalist Municipality of Paris. Moreover, the feast to 23,000 provincial mayors was a huge political success, as well as a culinary masterpiece. Everybody had a first-rate meal, and besides that there was a first-rate speech of the President's printed together with the menu. So rational, so honest, so manly an utterance has not been heard in France for many years. Its success was prodigious, and when the 23,000 mayors shook President Loubet's hand they shook it with a grip that meant a great lease of strength to the Republic. The absentees were, of course, conspicuous. Thirteen thousand mayors declined to celebrate the



INFLATING THE MILITARY BALLOON AT ILLIERES.

Photo. M. Bonet.



A BATTERY OF THE NEW MODEL QUICK-FIRING GUNS IN ACTION.

THE FRENCH MILITARY MANŒUVRES.

evolutions, the Queen looking on from a landau drawn by two greys. With her Majesty were Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Duchess of York. The English non-commissioned officers translated to the Indian and African troops the Queen's speech when she said: "I am very pleased to see you here. I am very proud of my Indian army, and watch with the greatest interest the work they have been doing not only in Africa, but also in China." The men were afterwards entertained to dinner with a menu arranged to suit the customs and traditions as well as the tastes of the guests.

AN OLD CITY CUSTOM.

By an ancient City custom the dissolution of Parliament is proclaimed from the Royal Exchange; and last Monday morning the edict went forth with the usual accompaniments of the Lord Mayor and Sheriff, in robes of state, the Sword-Bearer, the City Marshal, and the Common Crier and Sergeant-at-Arms, Colonel Burnaby, on whom devolved the task of reading out the proclamation. A large crowd lent its assistance to the due performance of a

the nomination to Peking, a city in which diplomacy has undoubtedly a larger field for action than that which has been allotted to it in the past. Sir Ernest has a busy pen. He did a large part of Murray's "Handbook for Japan," and of the "English-Japanese Dictionary"; and besides various papers in the "Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan," he has published a little history of the Jesuit Mission Press in Japan at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS IN NEWCASTLE.

The Church Congress in Newcastle had a little ill-luck in a date so closely preceding that of the General Election; but a goodly muster of clergy and laity, and not from the neighbourhood only, met together in the capital of the coalfields. The Bishop of Newcastle, Dr. Jacob, made an excellent local host, and his house at Benwell Tower, which stands outside the town, beyond Lord Armstrong's gun-works, was naturally a busy centre of hospitality. The old adage that coals need not be sent to Newcastle was forgotten for the moment, and the Bishop had the pleasure

anniversary of the fall of the Monarchy. The number of persons who took part in the preparation of the monster meal, merely as cooks and waiters, is put down at nearly five thousand.

THE FRENCH MILITARY MANŒUVRES.

An unusual interest seems, on several accounts, to attach to the military manœuvres in France, of which we give three illustrations. A great army has been concentrated in the Department of Eure et Loir—four army corps and two divisions of cavalry—in all some 160,000 men. The flat Beauce country lent itself particularly well to the evolutions of the Army of the North, under General de Négrier, against the Army of the South, under General Lucas, the whole under the direction of General Brugère, Military Governor of Paris. A good deal of attention was directed towards the new battery, equipped with the 75-mm. quick-firer, each gun, besides its limber, having an ammunition-wagon. The draft for a wagon is a team of four horses; for a gun, a team of six. Each battery is accompanied by a reserve of ammunition-



THE FRENCH MILITARY MANŒUVRES: THE ARRIVAL OF PRESIDENT LOUBET AND MINISTERS AT CHARTRES.

Photo. M. B. net.

rite which inaugurates, in friendly and picturesque fashion, the turmoil of contests for coveted seats.

SIR ERNEST MASON SATOW, K.C.M.G.

Sir Claude MacDonald will not find it hard to say good-bye to Peking. Before the recent troubles began he was already in negotiation with the Foreign Office about a transfer to Tokio, where his duties would be of a less burdensome and also of a less responsible character. The siege rendered the change impolitic for the time. It has done something else—made it now possible for Sir Claude MacDonald to quit Peking with the confidence that his own recent sufferings have rendered the post an absolutely safe one for his successor. Sir Ernest Mason Satow, K.C.M.G., whom the Foreign Office has told off for the post as soon as it is

of welcoming quite a band of brothers in the episcopate—the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Ripon, Coventry, Derry, and Chichester. Other faces familiar in the ecclesiastical world which were seen in Newcastle during the week and are reproduced in our illustrations were those of Prebendary Webb-Peploe, whose name indicates that the Evangelical Party had a favourite representative at the Congress; and the Rev. J. W. Horsley, the most devoted of Prison Chaplains.

THE BANQUET TO THE FRENCH PROVINCIAL MAYORS.

President Loubet's banquet in the Tuileries Gardens to the Republican mayors recalls Aaron's rod, which swallowed up the rods of the Egyptian magicians. The Loubet

wagons; and the mechanism is described as reaching a singular perfection. Military representatives of other countries looked approvingly on, and they attended a luncheon at Chartres as the guests of President Loubet.

RUSSIA IN MANCHURIA.

The Russian occupation of Manchuria has been inaugurated by an edict proclaiming that Russian troops will henceforth hold the territory, that it will be governed by Russian laws, and that its annexation is the punishment for the attack made on Siberia by the Boxers. Our illustration shows the embarkation at Blagovestchensk of the Russian troops by whom this subjugation of the rioters has been effected, with the significant result that is now announced.

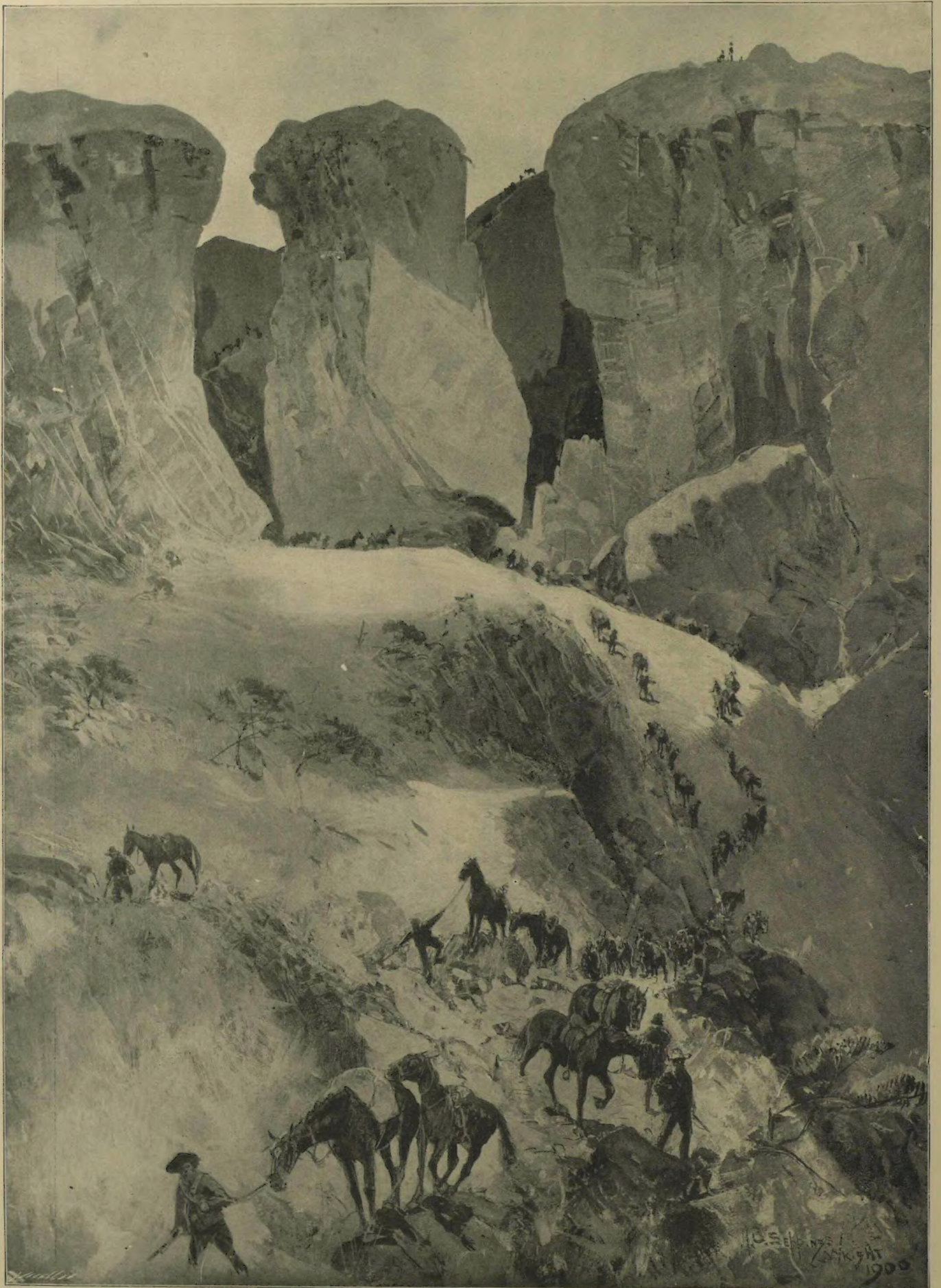


THE BANQUET GIVEN BY PRESIDENT LOUBET TO THE FRENCH PROVINCIAL MAYORS IN THE TUILERIES GARDENS ON SEPTEMBER 22.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. ALLAN STEWART.

Nearly twenty-three thousand heads of the Communes of France were entertained by the President. The tables were grouped by Departments.

T H E T R A N S V A A L W A R



THE FIGHT AT RETIEF'S NEK.

FROM A SKETCH BY M. F. R.

The Boers were driven off the plateau and retired into the valley below on their way to Fouriesburg. The path down the face of the cliff was precipitous, and they could only descend one at a time.

T H E T R A N S V A A L W A R.



A PUNISHMENT FOR THE ABUSE OF THE WHITE FLAG.

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT RICHARD HENNESSY, 2ND GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

A trooper of the 10th Hussars, whilst leisurely approaching a farmhouse flying a white flag, was suddenly fired on from within and hit in three places. The perpetrators of this outrage managed to get away before reinforcements arrived at the spot. Strathcona's Horse were called upon to burn and wreck the house.—NOTE BY LIEUTENANT HENNESSY.

THE FIRE AT THE MANCHESTER GENERAL POST OFFICE.



Photo. Banks, Manchester.

THE DESTRUCTION IN THE NORTH GALLERY.



Photo. Banks, Manchester.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE DESTROYED NORTH GALLERY.

A great many letters are burnt every year, but it is important that their reduction to ashes should be the voluntary act of the receiver. In Manchester the other day a vast correspondence, undelivered to its owners, had the

Instrument-Room. In a few minutes the flames were beyond the control of the three or four hundred hands present and of the fire extinction apparatus. The City Fire Brigade arrived in great force, but could

the flames. As it was, the many letters it contained were drenched with water. The telegraphic isolation of the town might have caused the greatest inconvenience, for, it is needless to point out, the Manchester Post Office



Photo. Garride, Manchester.

THE INSTRUMENT-ROOM, WEST GALLERY, BEFORE THE FIRE.



Photo. Garride, Manchester.

THE INSTRUMENT-ROOM, EAST GALLERY, BEFORE THE FIRE.

narrowest possible escape of destruction in that very rare catastrophe—a Post Office conflagration. At the Central Office a spirit-lamp was upset in a room at the top of the building used by the Telegraph Department as an

not avert the destruction of the telegraph connection between Manchester and the outer world. But the Letter-sorters' Room, immediately under the Instrument-Room, was, for the moment in imminent danger from

is a most important one; but the prompt action of the officials soon set matters right. A number of the telegraph circuits were terminated at Stockport, Manchester operators being sent to that town.



Photo. Banks, Manchester.

THE EXTERIOR OF THE POST-OFFICE, VIEWED FROM A ROOF IN SPRING GARDENS.



Photo. Banks, Manchester.

THE WEST GALLERY AFTER THE FIRE.

CUPID and PSYCHE

By Bernard Capes.



MRS. PORTLY BENN had an imposing presence, several missions in life, and one child. She had also (now on his late nonage) a ward and nephew, the young Viscount Cleaver, to whom it was the first of her missions to marry her daughter Letitia. For the rest, she contributed (on its titular merits alone, as she detested "youths") to the "Smack Boys' Home"; was an arrogant patroness of many institutions having for their object the furtherance of inebriety and charity; and—most personal of all—was the actual promoter and stay (or stays, for her whole heart was in it) of that local sky-aspiring lay community to which she had given the daring (and quite inexcusable) name "Self-Identitists," and the animating motto, "Excelsior."

The Self-Identitists had no formal meeting-place, nor any code of rules. They were simply under a moral stipulation to study, at home or abroad, how to "know themselves." As they were almost all young women (of respectable—and even, here and there for heaven, of eminent—social status) this imposition of self-consciousness—a hitherto discredited quality—was very pleasing to them. It was like having a prohibitory tax taken off mirrors—like putting a premium on self-reflection. They would gather their identities from many (complimentary) sources; recognise themselves for moral Narcissuses in many glasses, including those of fashion. Shelley and the *Lady's Pictorial* alike yielded them infinite reflex satisfaction. Gazing into the first, they would say, "How true of myself!"; into the second also, "How true of myself!" They were under engagement never to seek their images in founts of inspiration less Pierian than these two. Their introspections, while they were employed over their daily avocations, were pledged to pursue their own comely shadows by such imaginative ways as those of Pilotelle and Blake—nobody less. Browning, of course, was an inexhaustible bazaar to them; and they would so turn over and appropriate his conclusions, interpreting them for personal dedications to themselves, that by-and-by the poet would have taken his own identity for the leavings of a jumble sale.

My Lord Viscount, who was tickled consumedly by the whole business, offended his aunt by miscalling the young women "Self-Identitites"—a rendering of the name which, from its vague suggestion of an association with the ballet, she greatly resented. "But why not?" says he. "Ain't they always posturing?" That, however, was before the meeting of the community in Mrs. Benn's drawing-room, at which, making a joking point of being present, he first fell in, and in love with, Miss Susan Pink. And, thereafter, hunting his own identity with the best of them, he ran it to bay in Susan's eyes, whereto he could never look without finding himself ("seeing babies" is the pretty term) very small beer indeed, but very perky and very determined not to be ousted from his place.

One morning he sat alone with Miss Pink in the tiny parlour of the tiny house that that lady shared with, and ordered for, her brother, George, collector to a firm of brewers, was absent on duty—an admirable tactician. George was a good fellow, but not quite, it must be confessed, *la bonne manière*—not quite off the top shelf. He was a man of a hundred ingenuities, among which might be reckoned red-Aspinall's flower-pots and cutting dahlias out of turnips. But then he entertained (and patronised) an angel unawares, and so may be said to have been commissioned in a manner by the Creator. Our concern, however, is not with him—only with Susan, who was indeed a lady-angel (according to his Lordship of Cleaver) *la bonne manière*.

"The devil came across you being brought to earth," said he; "and snatched at you and wrenched your foot, and threw hot ashes on your poor little nose."

His allusions were all in love; and Susan yielded her body towards him, with a smile and a trustful gesture.

For she limped a little on the left side. Somehow her toes sinister, when she was a baby, had made a "fist" of themselves, and she had never in consequence walked like the most of us. Perhaps, finding that, carried away by His divine art, He had modelled her too perilously good-natured considering her other gift of prettiness, God had as an after-thought made her crooked to keep her straight. He knows of that sporting instinct in men (and dogs) that spares—and despises—a quarry that sits in its form, unable for whatever reason to run away, and be hunted and pulled down.

Susan, we say, was as sweetly good-natured a little girl as there was in the world. She was never to be trusted to give the right sort of answer to a rogue. If a man were to want a thing of her very much, she would have cried herself sick to be obliged to refuse him. That, no doubt, could not have gone on for ever. But the fairies were kind, and, in the flower of her innocence, sent her a daring and honourable wooer—a Prince, a Harvard, who loved her as much for what she was (crumpled toes and all) as for what he could make her. It was wonderful—this masterful and tender spirit, stooping to hand her up to its own exalted circle; this athlete who could mill a dayman, lifting her (literally) to his own lips as daintily as if she were a priceless

Presden shepherdess; this exquisite—who would step into the little parlour (where she kept George's account-books) with an air as if grey frock-coats and pointed patent-leather boots were no conscious distinction apart from their surroundings; for her sole sake the perfumed caresses and Bond Street "creations" of the goddesses of his proper sphere! Oh, little Graciosa, what a week of almost incredulous happiness and love! And then the abominable jealous relative intervenes, and the dream ends in a prospect of unmerited expiations.

Well, Susan has a brave baby of her own now; and she is as arrogant to enforce *his* claims upon the world as she was once wistful to accommodate, without hurting, those made upon *her*. But she cried a great deal in those days.

"Why, what's the matter with my nose?" said she.

"A matter of the tiniest freckles, my girl—a sprinkling of 'em about the pussy-eye of the little bridge. That's where the ashes took you; and I swear you're the prettier for them."

So do we swear it.

"Why, Susan, Susy, Suky, did you think you were without flaw? Don't you know yourself yet, you disgraceful little Identitite?" said his Lordship. "I'll tell my aunt, I will."

"Don't!" she cried in great terror. "The mere thought of her—it makes me see that this is all wrong and impossible. I can't believe it's true even now. Oh, I'm so miserable—and so happy!"

"I haven't gone far enough, I see. Come here and kiss me once."

She didn't do that; but as a bashful compromise, she let him kiss her in twenty-five distinct places. Then she looked up at him from swimming eyes.

"I can't stop you," she cried. "I haven't the heart to when you seem to like it so. But think of me—"

"All day and all night," he declared.

"—So poor, and so far beneath you. And that is not all."

"If anyone," he said loudly, "were to call you lame, I'd pull his ears and then kick him."

"But I am lame."

He pulled her ear, and caught her into his arms, where she lay, feeling very small, and very helpless, and very happy.

"If only we could be nearer," she said.

"Great Scott!" he cried; "d'you want me to squeeze you to death?"

"Yes, indeed," she answered; "but that isn't what I meant. For your sake to feel myself more worthy—less condescended to—that is it; though," she cried, "I love to be your beggar maid and see men bow down to you."

"Well, I'll engage a butler at once. I shall be out of pinafores in six weeks. Will you marry me to-morrow?"

"Oh, you're foolish!" she said.

"Don't you believe it, Ma'am. Mrs. Benn's been telling tales, has she? Well, aren't I wise in my choice, anyhow?"

"Oh, no, no!" she cried. "That is the stupidest action of all your life. Go away—I wish it—and don't ever come near me again!" and she clung tightly to him.

"Now," said he, "I'm not much set on disturbing the harmony of present arrangements; but I see you won't be easy till things are put on a square footing. To-morrow I'll tackle your respected short-sighted brother, and to—my amiable mole of an aunt, on the subject. Don't worry about it. I've got the deuce of a will of my own, little Miss Susan."

Possibly he had, the great tender gladiator—more will than discernment. His reputation was rather for brawn than wisdom. Yet there had been occasional odd evidence that a shrewder vein ran deep in him somewhere. It had cropped up once when he gave surprising expression in a sonnet to the poetry that underlay him, rather than the muscle. Another time he had played a part in some private theatricals in a manner to astonish his most-familials. Now came Love, the best coach of all for backward boys; and we are to see how his lordship fought for his degree. At the outset, having sparred up, he was winded, to his astonishment, by a counter-buff.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Portly Benn, placidly fattening. (He had tackled her that same evening according to contract.) "You are surprised at my knowing anything about it? My dear, even if you weren't the most simple, transparent fellow, incapable of double-dealing and of hiding your feelings, there is Miss Pink herself, who is under pledge to make a confession of her inmost thoughts to me."

"Well, does she?" asked the assured young man, grinning. The answer dumfounded him.

"Certainly; and, after a little pressure, I will say, quite voluntarily. She acknowledges everything, and is promised absolution on the sole condition that she never sees you again."

Viscount Cleaver rose, with an extremely sarcastic face.

"She asked absolution on those terms, of course."

"Oh, yes!" said his aunt, with an expression of mild wonder. "What would you suppose? It must from the first have been nothing better than a private gamble, so to speak, on her part—a chance on which she was willing to stake her reputation. Naturally she knew that a hint of publicity must ruin all. The whole thing is almost too absurd, Robert, to be wrong. Anyhow, you have both to thank me for putting an end to a highly ridiculous, and in some respects perilous, situation. The girl, I promise you, shall not suffer by it. I will make it my only and personal interest to see her married to some respectable person of her own class. As to you, I shall expect you to give me an undertaking that, until you come of age—"

"When I do, I shall marry Susan."

He went darkly towards the door. A vision of the poor little maid, suffering under the misrepresentation of her own sweet good-nature, overwhelmed under a flood of social sophistries, brought a lump into his throat. At the door he turned.

"Make it your personal interest to marry Letitia, Ma'am," he said quite inexpressibly. "It will take you all your time." As to me, I'm engaged."

"Very well," she answered, as composed as ever; "we will see."

The next morning Viscount Cleaver, as gay as a victorious cock, and with a flower in his buttonhole, presented himself at Susan's front door. To his surprise and secret discomfiture—he encountered the excellent George, who, requesting a word with him, conducted him into a little room off the hall.

"Look here," said that downright collector; "this has got to stop, you know."

"Oh, has it? Who says so?"

"I say so. I'm not going to be insulted again, or have it hawked about that we're fishing for a lord."

"The lord's the fisherman, Sir. I love your sister, and I'm going to marry her."

"Well, I say you're not. Our reputation's as precious to us, Sir, as yours is to your precious aunt."

"You needn't be rude. My mind's made up."

"So's mine, you bet. It would have been made up before, if I'd known all that was going on behind my back. Now, you leave us in peace, and the girl will soon get over it."

"I don't want her to; I'm going to marry her."

"Very well. We'll see."

That made a couple who were going to see.

His lordship walked off, and for a week was engaged in devising and failing to execute a dozen of the boldest plans. Unfortunately for him, he lived in the nineteenth,

Of the Identitists was one Hodges, a grocer, whose search for himself, it was whispered, was somehow connected with the Community's buying its tea of him. One day this person introduced to Mrs. Portly Benn a new postulant for enrolment in the society—an individual, his lodger, who bore something the appearance of a retired master-mariner.

Such, indeed, he declared himself to be. He was a sober, rather bent man of sixty, or thereabouts, with a violently tanned face, a grizzled beard, and eyebrows as bushy as a rabbit's scut. His manner was a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity; and he wore a baggy suit of serge and a crimson tie. Mrs. Benn approved him covertly as he walked down the street with her.

"Aye, Ma'am," says he, in his tired growl; "I've looked further than most men, I may say, and never found myself yet. From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand, Ma'am—always on the hunt for that identity. And sometimes I'd think I saw the truth sitting on a naked rock in mid-ocean; and, lo! when I run it down, it was a castaway that swore at me like a Dutch uncle. A sea-cap'n, you see, Ma'am, is too much engaged in finding other swabs out to waste time in chasing after his own shadow. I'd forget myself as soon as crossed—fifty times a day, I would. But, as to finding myself!"

This was the sort of flummery applauded of Mrs. Benn, because it was her secret thought that anything beyond her comprehension must be extremely profound.

"I think I may promise you," she said, "if you will put yourself unreservedly into my hands, an early introduction to your identity. Are you married?"

"No," he said, with a stormy sigh. "It's been my fancy time and again to look in a woman's eyes for the truth. But while I hesitated, the dear creatures was snapped up. And who'd have me now, old and ugly and pickled with brine?—though, to be sure," he added, "I'm recommended by a tidy sum put away in the bank yonder."

And on the passing of this speech, inspiration—as giddy and exultant as if she had drunk off a full glass of champagne—was vouchsafed to Mrs. Portly Benn.

To accommodate him with an identity that was her own incubus—to marry him to Susan Pink, and so, with one politic plaister, to adjust to a common healing several disrupted interests!

Captain Bob (as he called himself) was shy, and a little suspicious at first. But he had no sooner been introduced to Susan than his reserve melted.

George, a plain soul antipathetic to conspiracy, was the one who suffered for his sins in the present connection. Recognising the aptness of the scheme, he must lend himself, mighty surlily, to it. To the captain he took no exception; but Mrs. Benn, his necessary co-intriguer, he treated with abominable rudeness, meanly seconding her tactics while he cursed her officiousness. However, possessing the common object, they must work together; the one, for all the snubbing she got, in the best of spirits, the other gloomy and resolute to enforce his conception of the right, but heartily hating his hearty self for the necessity. At the outset they were agreed (as snarlingly as dog and cat) upon the advisability of taking Captain Bob into their full confidence. It was a ticklish moment. When, upon its passing, the captain asserted stoutly that he thought



Mrs. Benn approved him covertly as he walked down the street with her.

instead of the sixteenth, century. The inalienable rights of a citizen to make pin-cushions of his own household gods precluded him from the power to interfere.

At the end of the week, baffled and desperate, he appeared, with a set white face, before his aunt.

"You've ruined my life," he said. "She was the darling passion of it, and I'll never forgive you. I'm going away; and I hope I shall never see you again."

"The very best thing you could do," she answered. "It's five weeks to the festivities. You'll be back to them, of course? I promise to receive you as if nothing had happened."

Directly she was assured he was really gone, she set to work vigorously to fill the breach.

"If I could only manage to marry her before his return!" she exulted.

And, behold! within a few days the opportunity was thrust upon her—with little doubt, by an admiring Providence.



THE JUNGFRAU RAILWAY: A SCENE ON THE LINE.

The death of the promoter of the scheme for this railway has caused the construction to be temporarily abandoned.

the better of the girl for having a tender heart, Mrs. Benn turned a sigh of relief into a yawn. And, thereafter, the new suitor set himself doggedly to oust the image of the old.

He could never do that, of course; but, equally inevitably, Susan, out of pure good-nature, would presently accept him for a substitute. She didn't suppose she would—this salted, brick-red, growling mariner, in exchange for her lord, her darling, her pink of all the pretty gallantries! But, as has been insisted on, she had the softest heart, and a wistful pity for the (generally undeserving) victims of her own denials. She had cried, until she could cry no more, over the wreck of things; over the awful memory of Mrs. Portly Benn (that figure of the Community's abbess denouncing an erring neophyte); over her brother's unexampled harshness; over her lover's failure to relieve her. He, that lover, had thrown up the struggle at last, she was told, and gone away never to return. The news broke poor little Graciosa's heart. And then they came to mend her broken heart—which is as possible as mending a broken leg; and, if done with equal care, need never even necessitate an after-stiffness in its movements. They mended her heart with an old splint of drift-wood; and the salt on it made her shrink at first; but by-and-by she began to feel that very attribute reinvigorating.

Captain Bob, to say the best of him, revealed surprising stores of humour, both of the good and anecdotal orders. The latter, indeed, seemed to have been drawn from the most varied and incongruous sources. It revealed him rather a *bel esprit*, pungent and courtly, than a typical fo'c'sle yarner. He exhaled an atmosphere of salons and witty luminaries more than of six-foot cabins and chuckle-headed A.B.'s. The sea he referred to surprisingly seldom. No doubt he had had enough of the subject. But, apart from its provocation, he would say the funniest things; tell the drollest stories, and make Susan laugh consumedly, though all the time she would be mutinous over his power to do so.

"Was his fine lordship very wise?" he asked suddenly one day.

She looked up in amazement.

"Who's been daring to say it?" she asked quite violently for her. "No, Captain Bob, he wasn't very wise, or he wouldn't have set his fancy on me. Mrs. Benn once told me that he was a fool; but oh, he was my fool—my fool!"

He let the fit subside.

"He couldn't say clever things like me?" he asked presently.

"Perhaps not," she answered. "I didn't mind."

"What a pity," said he, cogitating, "that we can't mix us—one of his loveableness to one of my wisdom, and make a perfect husband for you."

"I'd rather the second half was left out," she said; then, regretting her unkindness, "You're very nice, too, you know," she admitted.

"Well," said he, "as it's come to be a question of the worst half or nothing, I'm willing to accept the position, if you are to give it, my girl."

"Yes," she answered quietly; "I'll take you for my husband, if you wish it; but always, always, always in my heart the other will be my lover."

They were married privately before a registrar. Susan—who dreaded that Mrs. Benn would otherwise, for her own sake, wish to give as wide a publicity as possible to the holocaust—ruled that it should be so; and her brother shamefacedly, and the captain with alacrity, consenting, thus prosily the knot was tied. There were the pauper witnesses and the certificates in due form; and then it suddenly occurred to the little bride (so that she laughed hysterically and could hardly be stopped) that she did not know who she was become, the captain, in all her experience of him, having figured under the familiar appellation by which he was first introduced to her. However, it was all right; and the certificate being shown to her, she, as Mrs. Robert Hartridge, dropped a little comical and pathetic curtsey to her husband.

Captain Robert Hartridge was asleep. His wife lay beside him wide awake. The room was pitch dark—dark with that ticking and rustling blindness of things that seems to presage events unnameable. The heart in her breast fluttered like a burnt moth—with what last intensity of pain that might merge into ecstasy? She did not know; only she felt that if she did not do something to control its racing, she must

die. Suddenly she had slipped silently out of bed, and was on her feet—was at the dressing-table—had groped for and clutched a box of matches. The soft splutter of the one with which she lit the candle was like a loud chuckle in her ears. Shaking, she took the candlestick in her hand, and approaching the bed with it, leaned over her husband. The mariner's beard and eyebrows were gone from his face. They lay beside him on a cushion. She uttered no more than a sobbing gasp; but her nerveless hand tilted a fair spoonful of hot composite upon the sleeper's bare chest.

"Great Scott!" he shrieked, sitting up in bed.

"Thank you, Ma'am," says he. "So I'm not very wise, ain't I? I couldn't say clever things like the captain couldn't I— Such a simple, transparent fellow, and so incapable of double-dealing! Oh, my Aunt Aug— why, yes, I've married you quite correctly (barring the captain) in my family name."

"But," exclaims Mrs. Susan, tearfully and most ingenuously, "you never gave a hint before of such cleverness in talking, and it in you all the time!"

"Not quite," he answered. "You see, I coached up for the part every day in old Timbs—'Century of Anecdote,' it's called. You can get it for a shilling."

THE END.

THE JUNGFRAU RAILWAY.

The scheme for a railway up the Jungfrau is certainly the most ambitious ever yet devised by engineering enterprise, and it is unfortunate that the death of the promoter and the unforeseen difficulties that have occurred have caused its construction to be suspended for the present. The railway starts from the Scheidegg Station, on the Wengern Alp. The line is to be carried first over the Eiger Glacier, then in a tunnel along the Eiger precipice to the Eiger Station; thence it will proceed towards the Mönch, and crossing the face of that mountain, will be carried on to the Jungfraujoch, from which it will ascend to just below the summit of the Jungfrau. From this point a lift is to be constructed to take the passengers to the highest peak.

The maximum gradient on the completed line will be one in four and the minimum one in ten, so it will be seen that the ascent is not nearly so steep as on some of the Swiss mountains. The journey up will occupy one hour and forty minutes.

The Swiss Government made it a condition on granting the concession that a permanent observatory should be erected on the summit of the mountain. This at present is rather in the nature of a cloud castle, the line being open as far as Rothstock Station. The section from the Scheidegg to the Eiger Glacier is very popular with passengers. The railway is constructed on the rack-and-pinion system adopted in the Wengern Alp and other Swiss railways. The almost unlimited supply of water-power which the Swiss possess in their native torrents and waterfalls makes it comparatively easy for them to charge the electric dynamos which work their mountain railways. The great difficulty in the way of constructing the Jungfrau railway is that so much of it has to be tunnelled out of the solid rock in the style of the Axenstrasse road on the Lake of Lucerne.



THE JUNGFRAU RAILWAY: THE EIGER AND ROTHSTOCK.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A.



THE WALL FROM WHICH THE BOXERS BOMBARDED THE LEGATIONS IN PEKING.

This wall divides the Tartar and Chinese Cities of Peking.



CHINESE REGULARS DRILLING ON THE PARADE-GROUND AT SUNG-KIANG.

The soldiers who are armed with guns do not kneel, but sit on their heels, and when the order to fire is given, shout "Hon!" loudly, to avoid a useless waste of powder. The officer on the right is dressed in his summer uniform. All commands are given by taps on a drum.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A.



SIR ERNEST SATOW, K.C.M.G., HER MAJESTY'S MINISTER AT TOKIO, WHO MAY REPLACE SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., AT PEKING.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: SCENES IN TIENTSIN AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.



THE TOWER OF THE NORTH GATE OF THE NATIVE CITY, OCCUPIED BY THE FRENCH.

THE TOWER OF THE FORT IN THE CHINESE CITY, SHELLIED BY THE FRENCH.

THE RUSSIAN CAMP, NEAR THE RAILWAY STATION.

THE RAILWAY STATION, DESTROYED BY THE BOXERS.

THE WALL OF THE CITY.



THE GENERAL ELECTION: A POLITICAL DISCUSSION IN THE COUNTRY.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE : PROMINENT SPEAKERS.

Photographs by Russell.



LADY FREDERICK CAVENTISH.



THE HON. MRS. MACLAGAN.



MRS. J. F. BISHOP.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.



THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.



THE BISHOP OF RIFON.



THE BISHOP OF NEWCASTLE.



THE BISHOP OF COVENTRY.



THE BISHOP OF DERRY.



THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK.



THE BISHOP OF RICHMOND.



ARCHDEACON DIGGLE.



BISHOP JOHNSON.



THE REV. J. W. HORSLEY.



THE REV. PREBENDARY WEBB PEFLOR.



THE REV. PROFESSOR MOULE, D.D.



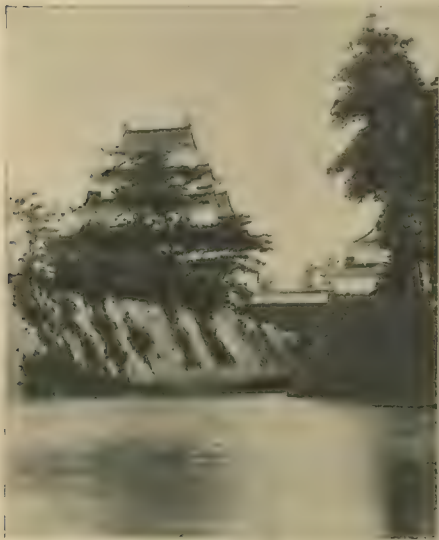
R O S E S.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Half-Hours in Japan. By Herbert Moore. (London: Fisher Unwin. 6s.)
Maest Japs. By John Le Breton. (London: Macquenn. 6s.)
By William Bulfin. (London: Fisher Unwin. 2s.)
The Principles of Chess in Theory and Practice. By James Mason. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. (London: George Cox. 2s. 6d.)
Pitzjames. By Lillian Street. (London: Methuen. 2s. 6d.)
Winefred. By S. Baring-Gould. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
The Isle of Unrest. By Henry Aston Merriman. (London: Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

We cannot honestly say that we have lately felt the crying need for a new book on Japan. Indeed, we incline to think that Mr. Moore as an author



ONE OF THE IMPERIAL CASTLES, JAPAN.

Reproduced from "Half-Hours in Japan," by permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

must be feeling thankful for the present Far Eastern crisis, which, by bringing into prominence Japanese military efficiency and friendliness towards this country, has given a fillip to public interest in a somewhat trite topic. Subject to the above proviso, we welcome the appearance of "Half-Hours in Japan," and have no hesitation in recommending this unpretentious yet instructive little volume to the intending tourist. The travelling publicist with an axe to grind has always had far more than his share in moulding public opinion on Japan, a fact which contributes to our pleasure in perusing Mr. Moore's short descriptive sketches on various points of issue to the casual traveller, avoiding, as the writer does, the *Schadenfreude* of the average resident and the ordinary globe-trotter. Written by a missionary of some years' standing, the chapter on Christianity in Japan, with its avoidance of the usual propagandist fault of undue optimism, should be of special interest. On the other hand, the reader may take the concluding essay on the Emperor as he finds it, or *cum grano* according to taste, the Asiatic idea of the reverence due to the throne making the real Mikado an unsolvable personal equation. The glossary at the end of the work should be useful to the inquiring tourist; while the bulk of the book itself renders it portable and convenient.

It is not often that a sensible novel-reader complains of an unhappy ending. If by all the circumstances of the case the ending must be unhappy, he welcomes it with a kind of grim joy; he would resent any sentimental evasion of the final catastrophe which he has foreseen. To him such an ending would be irrational. On the other hand, the unhappy ending may be equally irrational, unless it is rendered absolutely necessary by every circumstance of the story. Thus it not only depresses the reader; it disturbs and irritates him because of its unreasonableness. R. L. Stevenson was conscious of this irritation when he complained of the "blind, irrational bullet" that cut short the happiness of Lucy Desborough. To him the sad ending of "Richard Feverel" did not seem the necessary logical outcome of everything that had gone before. Some such depression and regret as were Stevenson's one feels on laying down Mr. Le Breton's really great story "Maest Japs." We are not quite convinced. "Need it have been so?" we ask. "Was all that tragedy inevitable?" It was, if Susannah, Richard, and Joy had all acted as they are said to have done; but we are not sure that they would have acted so. We think that human nature would have broken out—that Susannah would have learned the truth, and that Richard and Joy would have lived happily instead of meeting such a tragic doom. But of the power of this story there can be no doubt whatever. Susannah, Farmer Eden, Richard, George Pierrepont, Joy, Mrs. Eden, are marvellously distinct and lifelike; they are real enough to touch. Everything has been seen by the eye before it was written by the pen. Mr. Le Breton's first book won the enthusiastic praise of Mr. Gladstone. It is not too much to say that his latest is a great deal better than his first.

"Tales of the Pampas," by William Bulfin (Che Buono), is the latest addition to Mr. Fisher Unwin's excellent "Over Seas Library." It was pointed out in these columns a short time ago that if the outlying portions of the British Empire were to contribute to, and strengthen, the literature

of our islands, they must not practise a servile imitation of foreign standards, but give evidence of a distinct and original individuality. "The Over-Seas Library," by securing for its writers men who have been "on the spot," takes care that this note of individuality shall be well preserved. Each of the books in the series has a distinctive character of its own, born of the place that produced it. "Tales of the Pampas" are unlike anything else in our literature. The pampas do not belong to the British Empire, of course, but from the number of Englishmen, Scotsmen, and above all, Irishmen, ranching in Argentina, they form a field for the study of the British character under entirely new conditions. Mr. Bulfin has exploited that field with admirable humour. "The Fall of Don José" and "The Enchanted Toad" are in the finest vein of farcical narration. And in "The Defeat of Barragan" Mr. Bulfin gives us the grimmer side in a fashion that makes our blood run quicker for a moment. It is an exceedingly entertaining little book.

There is so much to learn in chess, and such a bewildering abundance of books available for the guidance of the beginner, that he may be excused for imagining the initial difficulties of the task to outweigh the advantages obtainable from its achievement. It is remarkable that until Mr. Mason began the publication of his ingenious series a few years ago, no logical system of instruction had been devised. All writers adopted a like method. They would teach you the moves and the rules of the game, and then take you straight away to the complications of the openings, leaving the end-game, if they dealt with it at all, to be studied after you had gained a certain amount of proficiency. This seemed to them reasonable enough; they taught the game in the order in which it was played. But Mr. Mason argues that before the student attempts to master the involutions of a number of pieces, he should acquire a thorough appreciation of the possibilities of each one separately. Consequently he reverses the old method, first taking the end-game, and showing how to win or draw with a slender force, afterwards illustrating combinations with an increased number of pieces, and, finally, offering advice on the openings, in which, of course, the entire armies are engaged on either side. His method commends itself to us as perfectly rational, and, believing as we do that it provides a golden bridge for the student, who, however, should not overlook the importance of practice, we heartily welcome the third edition of "The Principles of Chess." This work contains a number of useful hints, and a most entertaining chapter on "Combination," that may be studied with advantage even by advanced players. The present publication, moreover, brings us up to date by the inclusion of several recently played games, which illustrate the newest methods of treating the openings. There are diagrams on nearly every page, so that the greater part of the book may be read without the assistance of the chessboard.

Some years ago the forward school of feminine novelists proclaimed that man had been found out, and that the hero-worship of old-fashioned novels would be succeeded by the exposure of his squalid iniquity. Apparently he has survived this experience, for here is Miss Lillian Street with a story of which the hero is more flagrantly the demi-god than ever. In "Pitzjames" he is a poet and a critic and an artist, and women prostrate themselves before him. He has a friend whose sister shares the common lot, and he flirts with her in the superbly callous way which Miss Street imitates from the heroes of Ouida. The whole story is a somewhat artless attempt to reproduce Ouida, who is particularly unsuited to such homage. Imitation may be amusing for a page or two; but a book which is a laborious echo becomes tedious. Miss Street is not so hard-hearted as her model. In Ouida the hero of the Pitzjames type usually behaves like a blackguard. In the present case he ends by falling in love with the friend's sister, and marrying her. But he is such a terribly dull and pretentious dog, that even his comparative virtue does not make him tolerable.

Another full-dress novel by Mr. Baring-Gould! To write so much at so high a level of excellence as he does is a very remarkable feat. It is true that "Winefred" is like the score of books that have preceded it from the same pen in lacking the ultimate quality of distinction—but distinction we get nowadays too often at the expense of story. And "Winefred" is first and foremost a good story; a little melodramatic, perhaps, but confessed melodrama, and excellently well done. The scene is laid in the West, which Mr. Baring-Gould knows as he knows his hand. The characters are smugglers and coastguards, sea-captains, ferrymen, farmers, and the women-kind of such; and all of them with names (and names go far in a story) that seem to belong to them by nature—Oliver Dench, Captain Rittenbury, Jane Marley, Mrs. Jose. Among them all the heroine, Winefred, walks discreetly, as heroines ought. Her virtues are not very convincing to the reason. They do not appeal to the reason at all, in fact, any more than does the perfection of a well-dressed woman. We accept both at sight. As usual, Mr. Baring-Gould makes most effective use of the physical conditions of the country in which the action of the story moves. The cliffs, caves, and shingle-beach are all relevant to it, and it to them; and thus the story is knit together as it would not be by the logic of the actions of the humans. The logic of circumstance rather than the logic of character is Mr. Baring-Gould's strong point. Let us add a word of welcome to Mr. Edgar Bundy into the ranks of illustrators. His drawings are quite unusually good.

In "The Isle of Unrest," Mr. Merriman has given us another of his pleasantly thoughtful romances.

"Pleasantly thoughtful" sounds a little strange when applied to a romance. Some books are pleasant, some are thoughtful; but the book that is both is a rarity. At the same time it is just the union of these two qualities of pleasantness and seriousness that is the secret of Mr. Merriman's remarkable success. He can tell an interesting story as well as any expert fiction-monger of them all. But he is never content with that alone. Although he never writes that hideous and dreary thing, a novel with a purpose, he always contrives to work into his books some kind of ethical idea. It is this enclosed idea that gives his work vitality, and raises it far above the level of mere ordinary romancing. And it also captivates that worthy public which rather looks askance on a story told for its own sake, but welcomes to its honest bosom a "novel with a good meaning in it." To his pleasant gift, then, of uniting easy moralising and interesting story-telling Mr. Merriman owes both his real distinction as a novelist and (a very different thing) his popularity with the Philistine. He gave us his well-known successful blend in "The Sowers," where the ethical idea, you remember, was that of a wealthy man's duty to the poor, ignorant, and down-trodden of his neighbourhood. In "The Isle of Unrest" the enclosed ethical idea is, that devotion to duty, even at the expense of happiness, is the only way to the highest happiness in the end. By parting from Denise in order to serve France, Lory de Vasselot wins perfect peace for himself and Denise when the war is over; there is between them no bitter memory of neglected duty to spoil their present felicity. 'Tis a good enough idea to found a story on, albeit of no great profundity. For Mr. Merriman's moralities are always somewhat obvious; though a sane and a pleasant, he is by no means a great thinker. But in this book, as in "The Sowers," Mr. Merriman has a second means of capturing the popular attention. In "The Sowers" he gave us marvellously vivid pictures of rural Russia, though (or because) he had never been there, we believe. In "The Isle of Unrest" he gives equally vivid and convincing pictures of that strange fascinating island, Corsica; and from the wealth of detail we fancy that the author must have local knowledge of Bastia and its neighbourhood. However that may be, there can be no doubt that its Corsican setting is the great charm of this book. The strangeness of the land and its people; the sense of their difference from other people, making the reader believe that, whatever wild thing happens amongst them, it is, nevertheless, credible; their suppressed passion, finding its counterpart in Mr. Merriman's restrained yet vivid style—all this grips the reader with a power of its own. Altogether, for



"HE THREW THE ABBÉ BACK."

Reproduced from "The Isle of Unrest," by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.

its interesting narrative, its pleasant, unobtrusive earnestness, and its freshness of setting, this is like to be one of the best books of the year.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

The Settlement After the War in South Africa. M. J. Farrelly, LL.D. (Macmillan. 6s.)
Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century. Vol. III. Edited by Max Rooses. (Sampson Low. £2 2s.)
Travel in the Far East of His Majesty Nicholas II. of Russia (when Czarévitch). Vol. II. Edited by Sir George Birdwood, K.C.I.E. (Constable. £2 12s. 6d.)
Autumn in Argyleshire with Rod and Gun. A. E. Gathorne Hardy. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)
Thirteen Stories. R. B. Cunningham Graham. (Heinemann. 6s.)
The Baron's Sons. Dr. Maurus Jokai. (Macquenn. 6s.)
The Conscience of Corlieu. F. Frankfort Moore. (Penguin. 6s.)



HER LAST VOYAGE.

From the Painting by C. de Lacy.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

When France has supplied full with praise, the rest of Europe can go to bed and snore as loudly as it likes, certain of not being disturbed. That supper was provided both literally and figuratively throughout the whole of last week on the occasion of the autumn manoeuvres, the panegyrists being the foreign military attaches invited to witness the display of mimic warfare; and for the moment the supposed misdoings, in connection with the Dreyfus affair, of the late Baron von Schwartzkoppen, M.M. Panizzardi and Schneider, to say nothing of our own representatives, are forgotten; and their successors, who are simply stigmatised as so many spies when France is wroth, are now hailed as so many well-wishers to the Third Republic and its army. This is nothing new. The mental attitude of the French towards anything and everything, including their own Governments, is subject to those sudden changes, and was summed up long ago by one of their cleverest countrywomen, the first Madame Emile de Girardin, who wrote under the pseudonym of "Vicomte de Launay." "When Marshal Soult is in the Opposition," she said, "he is acknowledged to have won the battle of Toulouse; when he belongs to the Cabinet, he is accused of having lost it."

The supper of praise has coldly furnished forth the reception-breakfast to the twenty and odd thousands of provincial Mayors, which is proceeding as I write. Here, again, the Government, which in this instance is synonymous with the maintenance of Republican institutions, has scored a victory over the supposedly reactionary Municipality of Paris, suspected—nay, openly accused—of wishing to sow dissension, and by these means trying to prepare the way for a restoration of one of the deposed dynasties. Said Municipality endeavoured to organise a banquet of its own, the invitations to which were almost unanimously declined by the provincial civic fathers; while the invitations to the Governmental festivities were accepted with a like unanimity. And thus, to judge by outward signs, the Third Republic, in the thirty-first year of its nominal existence—to reckon from Sept. 4, 1870—is strong and hale and hearty.

England need neither regret nor rejoice at the probable continuance of the Republican regime. She has nothing to lose and nothing to gain by any change; she has nothing to gain and nothing to lose by matters remaining as they are. Under the most favourable conditions, there will always be periodical outbreaks of rhetorical hostility against her in France. To go back no farther than the fall of the First Napoleon up to the advent of Favre, Gambetta, and Co., there have been at least four of those outbreaks. The first occurred under the restored Bourbons in connection with France's conquest of Algeria, which England was supposed to resent, and probably did resent; the second and third were under Louis Philippe, still in connection with the first-named conquest and with the question of the "Spanish marriages"; the fourth took place after Orsini's attempt on Napoleon the Third's life, when there was the by now legendary "Manifestation of the Colonels," who offered to invade England in order to punish her for having harboured the assassins who had failed.

It was not stated at the time how the invasion was to be accomplished. It would have presented some slight difficulty, seeing that less than four years previously the only available ship for conveying Marshal St. Arnaud to the Crimea was *La Belle Poule*, the same which, in the forties, had brought back the ashes of Napoleon I. from St. Helena, and which was then an antiquated craft. Since then Cherbourg has come into existence, and with it a formidable French fleet. I am not competent to judge its possible efficiency in a struggle with the naval armaments of England or any other nation. The country which bred a Jean Bart, a Suffren, and a La Pérouse—only to mention these—is not at all unlikely to have bred successors to them; but between a big battle in the open sea and the landing of a couple of hundred thousand men with their guns, horses, ammunition, etc., there is a vast difference, and no one knows this better than the French Admirals, however ignorant the civilians who have lately presided at the Ministry of Marine in the Rue Royale may be of the fact.

England has absolutely nothing to seek in France or in her colonial dependencies. An invasion of France—if the project were simply broached at a Cabinet Council—would raise such Homeric laughter as to shake the walls of Downing Street. There is a wonderful difference between despatching and landing even a couple of hundred thousand men seven thousand miles away unopposed and landing fifty thousand men in France. The experts on both sides of the Channel know all this; if there be one party more alive to the preposterousness of such a scheme, it is the party on this side of the Straits of Dover. And they have acknowledged as much more than once. If France has not absolutely come to the same conclusion, she has, at any rate, shown herself very recently more amicably disposed towards us—a little late, perhaps, as she knows by this time her cost. I do not pretend to look a gift-horse in the mouth, and am not prepared to say how long the feeling will last; but while it does there appears to be a tendency to take advantage of it during the last month of the Exhibition. Traffic returns of the Anglo-French lines show that during the last week there has been a considerable increase in the number of passengers to Paris. Well and good; Englishmen never enjoy themselves as much in a foreign country as when surrounded by their own. Thackeray knew something about this, and, being the exception, he always endeavoured to get away from the English when in Paris. He did not succeed; perhaps he did not wish to succeed. I believe Paris will be very full in October with English visitors of the right sort, and will therefore be bright and charming. The Germans, who keep all their virtues for home consumption, who are, in fact, delightful and instructive hosts and companions in the Fatherland, will be gone, and so will most of the provincials. Hence the air will not be redolent of certain savoury seasonings the latter affect, and there will be no Ollendorian English to grate on our ears.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

A W DANIEL (Stoke-on-Trent).—It shall be examined and reported upon.
 THOMAS GANFAN (Jamaica).—While we should be happy to oblige you, we fear there might be difficulties in the way of your receiving proper acknowledgment. Would not a post-card direct save you something?

A MAYA (Bedford).—Your criticism is quite correct, but it applies to the class of which this particular problem is a good specimen. The move—has no real part in the solution; it is simply a device to throw the play on to Black.

C BURNETT (Bingley, Wad.).—The holidays have somewhat interfered, but we hope to satisfy you shortly. You did not get credit for 201 because, in company with most of our solvers, you failed to find the right solution.

N M GIBBONS (Brighton).—Your problem is very neat, and shall be carefully examined with a view to publication.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2201 received from Fred Long (Santiago, Chile); of No. 2205 from L W H (Chia, Cape Colony); of No. 2206 from C A M (Ponang) and L W H (Cape Colony); of No. 2207 from E H Van Noorden (Cape Town) and C A M (Ponang); of No. 2208 from Trimbak Ganesh (Jamaica, India); of No. 2240 from W H Lunn (Cheltenham), Charles Field (Jen), (Athol, Mass.), and George Devey Farmer, M.D. (Amherst, Ontario); of No. 2241 from H S Brandreth, T Roberts, Edward J Sharpe, J Muxworthy (Hock), Elith Corser (Rugate), and Albert Wolf (Putney); of No. 2242 from W M Kelly (Worthing), Emile Frau (Lyons), W H Bohn (Worthing), J F Moon, J D Smith (Devizes), Henry A Donovan (Lisdowney), and J Muxworthy.

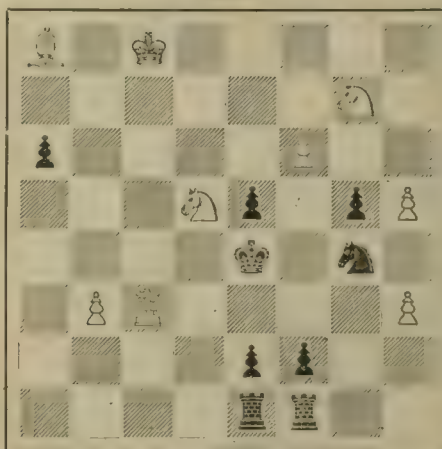
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2243 received from Albert Wolf (Putney), Rupert Rogers (Stratford), T Roberts, J Muxworthy, F R Pickering (Eastbourne), Hereward, John M Mount (Bedham), C B R (Clifton), Martin F, Henry A Donovan (Lisdowney), Charles Thumby, H Le Jeune, F W Moore (Brighton), J F Moon, W A Lallier (Edinburgh), F W C Wallingford, Sorrento, Julia Short (Exeter), R Worters (Canterbury), S Ward (Fulham), Shadforth, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Alpha, Mass D Gregory, F J S (Hamstead), F B (Worthing), and A Mays (Bedford).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2242.—By HERBERT A. SALWAY.

WHITE. BLACK.
 1. Kt to B 5th. K takes R.
 2. Q takes Kt (ch). K moves.
 3. Q or Kt mates.
 If Black plays 1. B takes Kt, 2. Q takes R (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 2245.—By W. H. GENDRY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played between Mr. G. KÜHLER and Dr. SIMONSON.

(Ruy Lopez).

WHITE (Mr. K.) BLACK (Dr. S.)
 1. P to K 4th. R to B 3rd.
 2. Kt to K B 3rd. Kt to Q B 3rd.
 3. B to Kt 5th. Kt to R 3rd.
 4. Castles. R takes R.
 5. R to K sq. B to Q 3rd.
 6. B takes Kt. Q takes B.
 7. K takes P.
 8. Q to K 2nd. B to K 2nd.
 9. K to K 2nd. B to K 3rd.
 10. B takes Kt. R to K 3rd.
 11. Kt to K 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 12. P to K 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 13. B to R 3rd. K to R sq.
 14. B takes Kt. P takes B.
 15. Kt to R 3rd. B to K 4th.
 16. P to Q 4th. R to B 3rd.
 17. Q to Kt 4th. R to B 3rd.
 18. R to K 5th. R takes R.
 19. Q takes R. B to Q 7th.
 20. P to Q 4th. B to Q 4th.
 21. P to Q B 4th. P takes P.
 22. Kt to P 2nd. Q to B 2nd.
 23. P takes P. Q to B 6th.
 24. P to B 5th. Q takes P.
 25. R to K R 5th. Q takes P.
 26. Kt to K 3rd. Q to Q 2nd.
 27. Kt to B 5th. Q to Q 2nd.
 28. Q to B 4th. R to K B sq.
 29. Q to K 3rd. Q takes Kt.
 30. Kt to K 3rd. P to K 3rd.
 31. P to R 3rd. R to R 3rd.
 32. Q to Kt 3rd. Q to Q 2nd.
 33. R to B 2nd. R to B 2nd.
 34. R to K 5th. K to R 2nd.
 35. Q to Kt 3rd. Q takes P.
 36. Q to Kt 3rd. Q takes P.
 37. Q to Kt 3rd. Q takes P.
 38. Q to Kt 3rd. Q takes P.
 39. Q to Kt 3rd. Q takes P.
 40. Q to Kt 3rd. Q takes P.
 41. Q to Kt 3rd. Q takes P.
 42. Q to Kt 3rd. Q takes P.
 43. Q to Kt 3rd. Q takes P.
 44. Q to Kt 3rd. Q takes P.
 45. Q to Kt 3rd. Q takes P.
 46. Q to Kt 3rd. Q takes P.
 47. Q to Kt 3rd. Q takes P.
 48. Q to Kt 3rd. Q takes P.
 49. Q to Kt 3rd. Q takes P.
 50. Q to Kt 3rd. Q takes P.

CHESS IN MUNICH.

Game played in the Tournament between Messrs. GOTTSCHE and JACOB.

(King's Gambit).

WHITE (Mr. G.) BLACK (Mr. J.)
 1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th.
 2. P to Kt 4th. B to B 4th.
 3. B to Kt 5th. Kt to Q B 3rd.
 4. Kt to B 3rd. P to Q B 3rd.
 5. Kt to B 3rd. P to Q B 3rd.
 6. P to K 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 7. P to Q 3rd. Kt to Q 3rd.
 8. P to Q 3rd. Kt to Q 3rd.
 9. P to Kt 4th. B to K 3rd.
 10. B to K 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 11. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 12. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 13. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 14. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 15. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 16. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 17. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 18. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 19. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 20. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 21. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 22. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 23. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 24. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 25. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 26. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 27. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 28. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 29. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 30. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 31. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 32. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 33. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 34. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 35. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 36. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 37. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 38. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 39. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 40. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 41. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 42. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 43. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 44. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 45. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 46. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 47. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 48. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 49. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.
 50. P to Kt 3rd. B to K 3rd.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Some time ago I noted certain observations which had been made on "snake-stones" by a resident in India or Ceylon, and the topic has been revived in my mind by the receipt of two interesting letters from a lady regarding these curious minerals. The name applied to them indicates, of course, that they are found in the East for their alleged efficacy in curing snake-bite, and I must say the evidence before me, and likewise the testimony I have read years ago, place these stones in a very unique position scientifically. I shall be glad if any of my readers resident abroad will forward to me samples of snake-stones, guaranteed to be real in their nature, and preferably those which have been used for the actual cure of serpent-bites.

My lady correspondent in her first letter tells me that she possesses several snake-stones given to her by a snake-charmer in Ceylon. For six years her husband held an official position at Kandy, and once a year or so snake-charmers came to clear the compound of the reptiles. The lady always walked close behind them with a stick in her hand by way of defence. The charmer played on his pipe, and the snake was seen coming towards him. It was then caught by the neck by a stick, and transferred to the bag. On one occasion the charmer was bitten by a snake. He went back to his companions on the verandah of the house, and the lady saw them apply a snake-stone to the wound, situated on the wrist of the left hand. She saw the veins in his arm swell, and great pain appeared to be present. After a few minutes the snake-stone dropped off the wound, and the swelling in the arm gradually subsided. A request was then made for some milk, and the stone was placed in the fluid. A yellow liquid came out into the milk, and when the stone was quite emptied of the poison it was presented to my correspondent. This stone is now in my possession, the lady having been kind enough to present it to me.

I am not mineralogist enough to settle the nature of the stone. It is about three-quarters of an inch in length, and in shape resembles an ancient flint axe-head. One side of it is dull, the other is polished. A crack runs up the length of the polished side. The colour is practically black, but on the last-named side some greyish infiltration gives the stone a mottled aspect. I propose later on to have the stone scientifically examined, so as to determine its nature. In a previous account of snake-stones, it was said that they were pieces of pumice; but I am certain the stone in my possession is not pumice, but of crystalline constitution.

My correspondent, in a second letter written after consulting her note-book or diary, kept in Ceylon, has found a passage, dated Jan. 31, 1872, in which it is stated, on the authority of an Army Captain, then stationed with his regiment in Ceylon, that he had seen a cobra bite a snake-charmer; that a stone was applied, and that the man recovered. Now, there is only one possible explanation of things which would place a different complexion on the cure of snake-bite as alleged by snake-stones. That explanation is, of course, the evident one of fraud or trickery on the part of the charmer. If the snakes which come at the sound of his piping are, as has been alleged, tame snakes, previously liberated near the house by the charmer and his friends, then a bite from them would prove of no moment, because the fangs of the reptiles are drawn. The bite would then, of course, be an ordinary non-poisonous wound, and the application of the snake-stone a mere trick of the trade. I should like to hear from any residents in India their opinions of the snakes purporting to be drawn by charmers from the houses they visit. I have heard old Indians declare the charmers were mere tricksters, and liberated the snakes, which they afterwards professed to bring forth from their concealment in the house.

Against this idea we have to place the account of my correspondent who saw a yellow fluid—presumably, the snake-poison—exude from the stone when it was placed in the milk. Curiously enough, I have received letters from time to time, chiefly from America, detailing the virtues of milk as a cure for snake-bite; so that the connection of milk with the snake-stone is in itself a noteworthy fact. What one desires to acquire is a series of observations made by residents in the East who have seen the snake-stones applied to wounds caused by reptiles known to be actually poisonous. This last point is of obvious importance. If also, as I have said, specimens of snake-stones could be acquired—and above all, these actually used—and sent on to me for examination, we should have the materials at hand for a very interesting scientific study. At present I simply possess an open mind on the matter. I have no explanation to offer regarding the marvellous powers attributed to a stone capable of effecting what medical science has only lately attained in the way of cure by aid of the serum obtained through inoculation of animals with serpent-venom. It would indeed be strange if the folklore of the East—if so I may put the case—contained instruction which placed a real remedy of this kind in the hands of the snake-charmer. But then one never knows what surprises Eastern medicine has in store for us.

One point strikes me, however, as worth bearing in mind in connection with this subject. Every year in India and Ceylon large numbers of natives perish from snake-bite. The returns give an appalling mortality from this cause. Now, if the snake-stones really represent a remedy, why is it that their use in India is not universal among the people? Is it that they are rare, or that their possession is limited to the professional snake-charmers? In the latter case, I should feel inclined to regard the alleged powers of the stones as purely mythical. The true test of these powers would be the application of the stone to, say, a cobra-bite in the person of a native other than a snake-charmer, or, still better, the application of the stone to a snake-bite patient. But possibly the latter might be a painful little feat, and prefer to trust to the aid of medical science.



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LADIES' PAGE.

Prince Henry of Hesse's death leaves the Queen's grandson, the present Grand Duke, the last direct male representative of his line. This does not mean that his two uncles, the recently deceased Prince and his brother, who died some little time ago, had no sons, but that they both chose to make morganatic marriages (with ladies not of royal blood), and by so doing cut their own posterity off from any chance of succeeding to the ducal throne. Whoso supposes that the female sex has a monopoly of sentiment may be undeceived by the number of such marriages made by young Princes! There are more single Princesses than Princes at all times; and marriages with any of them would, of course, be free from this disability to transmit the Princes' own claims and rights; yet these young men so often needs must step outside the charmed circle, and marry "for love." The present Grand Duke and his wife have had one son, but he died at birth. As the young couple represent not only the ancestral line of the Hesse family, but also doubly that of the Queen and Prince Consort, it is to be hoped that they will be one day blessed with an heir. However, the heir-presumptive in any case is a descendant of the Queen, as the Prince standing next but one in the line is married to a daughter of the Empress Frederick.

Marriage is much agitating the Dutch in the case of their young Queen, who, we are gravely informed by telegraph, becomes daily more popular with her people except in regard to this one point: that she will not betroth herself and get married to please them. Considering that the Royal maiden is but nineteen, it is unreasonable to press her to such haste in her choice. She has not yet, like our Queen Elizabeth in her youth, declared a fixed objection to marriage. According to a letter quoted in Burnet's "History of the Reformation," Elizabeth was but twenty when she declared that "the estate in which she was, best liked and pleased her." She added: "I so like this estate that I persuade myself that no other kind of life can be comparable to it"; and though the old gentleman who repeats the conversation adds his own opinion that all this was merely "maidenly shyness, and not a certain determination," the future was to prove that it was a settled and abiding resolution. The Queen of Holland, if she can but find a man as worthy of her in mind and sentiments as the Prince Consort was of his station by the throne, would do better to follow the example of her living sister sovereign, our Queen, whom it is well known the little Dutch lady much admires. But our Queen did not marry till she was nearly twenty-one. And who amongst eligible young Princes to-day will be capable of the devotion and self-abnegation of Prince Albert, who has recorded that his ideal was to "completely absorb his own position in that of his wife, seeking no power in or for himself or before the public?"

Speaking of the succession of women to the highest office of State in this country, I wonder if many people are aware that there is actually an Act of Parliament declaring that a Queen-regnant in England has just the same rights and powers as a King? Such is the case. It was passed in the early days of the reign of Mary Tudor. A then member of the House of Commons objected to the Bill as frivolous, inasmuch as the thing was already quite certain, and hence he feared some scheme must be concealed therein to endow the Queen with obsolete prerogatives by the declaration that she was acknowledged to have as "much authority as any of the Kings, her predecessors on the throne." The poor man saw in his mind's eye Magna Charta abrogated, and the absolute power over lands and life claimed and exercised by William the Conqueror reasserted by the Catholic Queen. It seems, however, that the Act was really a self-denying ordinance on the part of Mary, who had been presented by one whom Burnet delightfully describes as "a Man of Great Notions" with a pamphlet written to prove that no Acts of Parliament tying down and limiting the powers of a King could be held to be binding on a Queen! "Upon this he showed how she might establish religion, raise her friends, and ruin her enemies, and rule according to her sole pleasure." But Mary, as honest as she was narrow and harsh, "as she read it, disliked it, and

judged it contrary to the oath she had made at her coronation." She submitted the little essay to Bishop Gardiner, and he agreeing with her, the Bill was introduced, which, "though it seemed to be an advantage to the Queen as putting her title beyond dispute, really intended that she should be restrained by all those laws that the former Kings of England had consented to."

Women who are about to assure their lives should not undertake to pay more than a man of the same age for a given sum; for within the last few years several of the leading and most reliable Life Assurance Societies (and also the Post Office Savings Bank Insurance Department) have abolished that most unjust imposition in which at one time they all indulged, of making a higher charge to insure female lives. I call it unjust, because they also charged higher to sell a woman an annuity; and one or the other excess must be unfair. There was an absurdity, if you like! Well, some of the best offices have recently left off "having us both ways"; they now confine themselves to the Registrar-General's figures, which support the theory that a woman's life is better than a man's; and though the offices have not reduced a woman's premium below a man's, as they ought to balance the extra charge they still make for her annuity, they do not now ask her also to pay more for her life assurance than her husband does for his

family tea or to receive friends in one's own snuggerly on occasion. Another new material for tea-gowns being made up for this season (but this is of the smartest order) is panne satin, a lustrous and soft fabric that is the height of luxury to the wearer's own sensations, as well as of smartness and of elegance to the spectator. It is in itself so pleasing that very little trimming is needed, such as a deep collar of Irish crochet or a lace fall down the front. The materials employed in the tea-gowns illustrated are of the softest kind. One is of silk muslin trimmed with long pointed pieces of lace and black velvet bands, ending under rosettes at bust and waist. The other is distinguished by a Watteau pleat of dark chiffon and berthe of the same darker tone, against white chiffon and lace for the rest of the confection, black velvet bands harmonising the two materials—or, rather, two colours.

Autumn compels us to regard the state of our wardrobes with reference to more substantial articles than gowns. The weeping skies of the average English autumn will compel us to get stout footwear; and ladies living far from good shops may be glad to hear that the London Shoe Company sends its goods on approval to all parts of the country. This large firm supplies such sturdy footwear as ladies' field-boots, with high leggings strapping round the ankle; and blacking calf boots that will defy the country mud; and golf-shoes of solid build; and cycling-shoes made after the design of a famous authority, with pliable sole stiffened in the right spot only, and so forth. Every sort of smart indoor shoe is there also; and they have quite a speciality of making up satin evening shoes or wedding-dress shoes out of a piece of the material of the gown supplied by ladies themselves. The house for letter orders is 123, Queen Victoria Street, City, but they have also places of business for callers at 116, New Bond Street and in Sloane Street. Another necessity of the autumn is an umbrella; and the well-known makers of the Paragon frames, Messrs. Fox, announce that they have now introduced a new light and exceptionally compact steel-tube frame.

Coals are very dear, and the Wilson range, that undertakes to save 75 per cent. of our fuel, is therefore a boon much to be desired. If economy be no particular object to ourselves, how we can gladden the hearts of the poor with the fuel that we save! Moreover, the saving is effected by the capacity of the Wilson range to consume its own smoke, or, rather, so thoroughly to consume the fuel supplied to it that there is hardly any smoke left to escape. This is a matter of national importance, especially to dwellers in towns. The wasteful and unscientific grates in ordinary use, letting continuous streams of smoke escape, cause the fogs and the dirty atmospheres

that give us bronchitis and predispose sensitive lungs to consumption. Let me, therefore, introduce to consideration the Wilson patent cooking-range as a heat-conserving and smoke-consuming stove, which comes endorsed by innumerable medals and certificates from exhibitions, both sanitary and culinary. Full particulars of how the waste of fuel is prevented in these ranges can be found in a catalogue which can be obtained by post from the Wilson Company's offices and show-rooms, 227, High Holborn. They have just decided to facilitate the purchase of their ranges by not only exchanging the old range in your house for a new one, but also extending the payment on the *Tines* principle over a considerable period in instalments, by the end of which the range will have paid for itself by the saving it has effected.

Sustaining diet becomes of special importance to delicate women and children in the trying season of on-coming cold, even more than such food always is. The importance of nutrition has been forced on attention by the new treatment of consumption, in which it has been proved that if patients will consume and can digest an apparently excessive quantity of nourishment, they have a good chance of recovery. But it is not what is swallowed, but what can be digested, that is of use, and hence the "peptonising" process that performs a change in the food, greatly diminishing the difficulty of digestion, has been found of much value. Messrs. Savory and Moore have now introduced a useful form of "peptonised" food in their new patent "Peptonised Milk Chocolate," for eating, which is equally delicious and nourishing, and supplements their older preparations of "Peptonised Cocoa and Milk," and "Peptonised Milk."

FLORENA.



GRACEFUL EXAMPLES OF THE NEWEST TEA-GOWNS.

own. But not all the companies have yet arrived at this common-sense view of the case, so intending assurers of our sex must select an office that has decided on placing the rates for their female lives on an equality with the male ones.

Some of the newest tea-gowns fasten across the figure, with only a couple of big handsome buttons, one at the waist, and one at the left shoulder; the throat well revealed above the turn-down collar. The idea comes from the Japanese kimono; and for young women a Japanese material—crêpe printed in gold, for instance—is a good selection. Velvet is ideal for the autumn tea-gown; its folds are so soft and graceful, and its lights and shades so pleasing as one sits near the cosy little fire. Roman satin has some of the same recommendations. The Empire shape is next favourite to the cross-over; and for this, Roman satin answers excellently: the yoke is either lace-covered or embroidered, and a jewelled or embroidered strip of velvet, or silk, or satin forms the band under the bust, whence the long, graceful folds of the gown fall round the feet. A front of a lighter material is not debarred by the Empire fashion. It runs up in one narrow-width to the belt, widening somewhat over the bust, or perhaps spreading out so as to cover the yoke portion altogether. Guipure lace over soft surah makes an excellent front to a Roman satin Empire gown. A less expensive material, very cosy as the colder weather comes on, is zenana cloth, which has a silk crêpon-like outer surface and a fluffy wool back. This makes capital boudoir gowns too, the sort of loose gown that it is very useful to have if one is a bit of an invalid, something not too smart to lie down in and yet smart enough to go down in to

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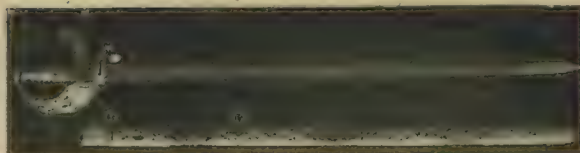
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Letters of administration of the estate of William, Baron Kensington, Captain 2nd Life Guards, of St. Bride's, Haverfordwest, Pembroke, who died at Bloemfontein on June 24, have been granted to Arthur Henry Johnstone Douglas, the value of the real and personal estate being £711,218. Lord Kensington, by his will (dated Aug. 5, 1898, with a codicil dated Oct. 29, 1899), appointed the Earl of Longford and Algernon Francis Holford Ferguson as the executors thereof, but they both being on active service in South Africa, an order of the Court was obtained, by which an administrator was appointed to collect the personal estate and receive the rents and profits of the real estate until the said executors shall apply for and obtain probate of the will and codicil.

The will (dated March 16, 1898) of Miss Ellen Freeth, of Standard Hill, Notts, who died on June 8, 1899, was proved on Sept. 12 by Henry Edward Thornton and Frederic Wadsworth, the executors, the value of the estate being £231,978. The testatrix gives £1000 to the Notts General Hospital; £200 to the Notts General Dispensary; £100 to the Midland Institute for the Blind; £50 each to the Nursing Institution and the Gordon Boys' Home, Notts; £3000 each to Arthur Vessey Machin and Edward Vessey Machin; £2000 each to Henry Vessey Machin and George Vessey Machin; £1000 each to Elizabeth, Mary, and Delia Vessey Machin, Harriet Field, Colonel William Freeth, and Alice Stoke Roberts; £600 each to her executors; and other legacies. She devises the South Clifton estate and other

property in Notts and Lincoln to Richard Davies Harries; and the North Clifton estate to Henry Vessey Machin. The residue of her property she leaves, in equal shares, to the Rev. Richard Davies Harries, Arthur Vessey Machin, Edward Vessey Machin, and Frederic Wadsworth.

The will (dated March 3, 1899) of Mrs. Elizabeth Gordon, widow, of Westcombe, Wimbledon, who died on July 31, was proved on Sept. 12 by James Edgar Gordon and William Henry Gordon, the nephews, and the Hon. Louis George Greville, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate being £224,248. The testatrix gives £10,000 to James Edgar Gordon; £10,000 and an annuity of £3000 to Louis George Greville; £1000 to the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children for the maintenance of a bed to be called the "Lady Greville Bed"; £5000 each to Mary Ann Harnett, John Bower Livesey, Mary Haswell, Elizabeth Ann Carter, Charles Gray, and Roderick Gray; £2000 each to Eliza Jane Legg and Frances Houghton; £1000 to Evelyn Mary Bright; £500 and annuities of £100 each to Caroline Mary Bramall and Sarah Jane Jones; an annuity of £200 to Elizabeth and Helen Pringle, and the survivor of them; an annuity of £150 to Louisa Mackenzie; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her grandson George Gordon Francis Greville.

The will (dated June 14, 1899), with a codicil (dated Sept. 14, following), of Mr. William Turton, of Hayfield House, Chapelton Road, Leeds, has been proved by George William Turton and Robert Turton, the sons, and

Thomas Boyne Pegler, and George Filingham, the executors, the value of the estate being £190,692. The testator gives certain premises at Crown Point to his sons George William and Robert; an annuity, during widowhood, of £500, to his wife; £200 each to the General Infirmary and the Parish Church Sunday Schools, Leeds; £100 each to the Dispensary, the Women and Children's Hospital, and the St. James's Sunday School, Leeds; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his children, and the children of his deceased son John.

The will and codicil (both dated Nov. 5, 1896), with another (dated May 12, 1899), of Mrs. Eliza Back, of Ashfield House, Millhurst, who died on June 17, has been proved by the Rev. Norman Pares, George Lancelot Pares, and George Edgar Frere, the executors, the value of the estate being £179,671. Under the provisions of the will of her husband, she appointed the Ashfield House property to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and her executors, upon trust, for a Home of Rest for Clergymen of the Church of England. She bequeathed £3000, upon trust, for the erection of a School or Parish Room at Banbury; £1000 for the keeping in repair of the Chancel of the Parish Church, Banbury; £500 to the Horton Infirmary, Banbury; £3000 to augment the income of the Vicar of Horsell; £1000 to the National Life-boat Institution for a life-boat to be called *Sir George Back*; £500 to the Governesses' Benevolent Society; £1650 10s., upon trust, for the increase of the annual value of the Rectory of

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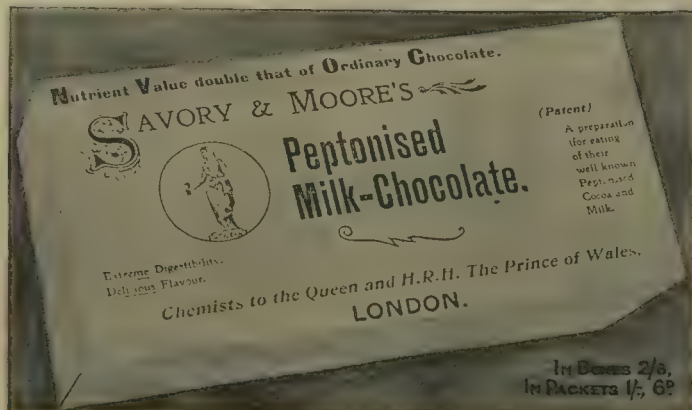
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The will (dated Oct. 24, 1896) of Mr. Herbert Sartoris, of Weekley, Kettering, Northampton, who died at Ostend on Aug. 30, was proved on Sept. 18 by Mrs. Caroline Mary Sartoris, the widow, and Arthur Hugh Sartoris, the son, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £164,582. The testator gives £500 and his household furniture, carriages, and horses, to his wife; an annuity of £500 to his son during the life of his wife; £250 for the repair of the almshouses erected by his father and mother; £25 each to the Infirmary and St. Andrew's Hospital (Northampton); and legacies to servants. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife during her widowhood, or of £700 per annum in the event of her again marrying, and subject thereto for his son, but charged with the payment of such a sum as, with what has been appointed to her, will make up £20,000, for his daughter Mrs. Violet Joanno Ripley. On the decease of the testator's aunt, Mrs. Dawkins, a further sum of £20,000 is to be held, upon trust, for his said daughter.

The will (dated June 9, 1898) of Mr. James Edward Wood, of Trinity Terrace, London Road, Derby, and Leighton Cottage, Uttoxeter, who died on Aug. 20, was

proved on Sept. 17 by Charles Edward Wood, and Alfred Grattan Wood, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £157,652. The testator gives £200 and the use for life of one of his residences, with the household furniture therein, to his wife, Mrs. Margaret Robertson Wood; £15,000, upon trust, for his son Richard Vincent Wood; £150 each to such of his children—Margaret Annie, Sydney James, and Walter Henry—as shall not have attained twenty-one years of age at the time of his death; and £1000 and debentures for £4000 are to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then, upon further trusts, for his daughter Margaret Annie and her children. The residue of his property he leaves to his five sons, Charles Edward, Alfred Grattan, Tom Percy, Sydney James, and Walter Henry.

Henry Spencer Ashbee died on July 29, 1900. The estate was sworn at £62,989 15s. 2d. net. The testator leaves, among other legacies, the sum of £5000 each and certain pieces of plate to the Curriers' Company and the Armourers and Brasiers' Company of the City of London. He bequeaths all his paintings, water-colour drawings, and antiquities to the English nation.

The will (dated Feb. 7, 1900) of Mr. Arthur Tooth, of 21, Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, the founder of the firm of fine-art publishers and picture-dealers, at 5 and 6, Haymarket, who died on Aug. 12, was proved on Sept. 15 by Arthur Tooth and Adolphus Tooth, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £107,667. The testator bequeaths £4000, upon trust, for each of his sons Alfred, Ashley, Adolphus, Allan, and Francis; £4000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his daughter Mrs. Matilda Inderwick; £3500 to his son Anthony; £3000 each, upon trust, for his sons Arthur, Alexander,

Augustus, Artemus, and Alphonso; £500 each for his granddaughters Mary and Jessie Inderwick; £1000 and a leasehold house at Wellesley Road, Chiswick, to his great-niece Lucy Cane; £300 and a leasehold house in Munster Road, Fulham, to his son Ashley; £500 to Mrs. Crace; and legacies to persons in his employ and servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, except his sons Alfred, Artemus, and Ashley.

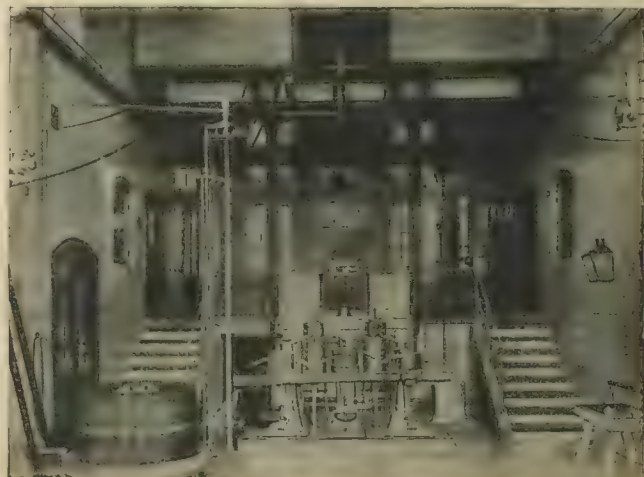
The will (dated June 4, 1898) of Mrs. Frances Harmar, widow, of 17, Chesham Place, Brighton, and Tidecombe, Tiverton, who died on July 22, was proved on Sept. 5 at the Lewes District Registry by William Rayer Harmar, the son, Colonel Charles D'Oyly Harmar, and George John Harmar, the brothers-in-law, and Cecil Somers Clarke, the executors, the value of the estate being £33,268.

Probate of the will and codicil of the late Mrs. Ellen Roskell, of Stokyn, near Holywell, widow, who died on July 18, was granted by the Principal Probate Registry on the 8th inst. to Francis Thornhill Maddock, of Walmer Villa, New Brighton, and Francis Lynch, of Glascoed, near Wrexham, the executors. The estate has been sworn at £25,062, and the testatrix, after giving numerous legacies, bequeaths the residue of her estate to her niece, Mrs. Mary Anne Bridges.

The will and codicil of Mr. Charles Williams, J.P., D.L., of Hengwm, Llanaber, Merioneth, who died on July 31, were proved on Sept. 11 by Charles Alfred Jones, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £10,718.

The will of Mr. Charles William Lee Steere, of Hale House, Abinger, who died on July 8, was proved on Sept. 11 by Henry Charles Lee Steere, the nephew, the executor, the value of the estate being £6249.

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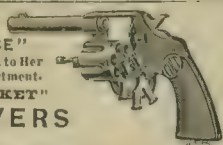
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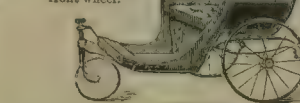
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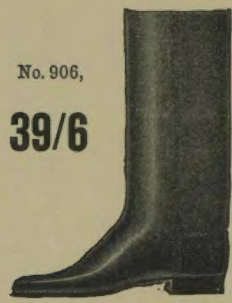
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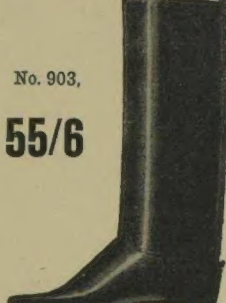
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Many visitors to the Church Congress arranged to see the unveiling, by the Bishop of Durham, of Mr. J. Eadie Reid's beautiful fresco in St. Columba's, Sunderland. In its far-reaching conception and design, the work resembles the famous picture by Van Eyck in the cathedral at Ghent. In the centre is the river Wear, as it may have appeared in the time of Bede, and on either side are represented the leading characters who helped in the conversion of England. The section to be unveiled on Monday is an open vision of our Lord in glory.

Archdeacon Hodgson, Rector of Handsworth, Birmingham, had an unfortunate accident while travelling this autumn in Switzerland. While crossing a glacier he slipped and rolled down a grassy slope, luckily escaping with nothing worse than a broken ankle. It is rarely indeed that it is possible to arrest a fall on one of these treacherous slopes; and many fatal accidents have been caused by slips in such places. The Archdeacon is still somewhat lame, but has been able to return to work.

One of the most important of the smaller Congress meetings was that on behalf of the diocese of Lebombo. Bishop Smyth, who was at one time a curate at St. Peter's,

London Docks, is an exceedingly hard worker. He has many friends in this country, especially among the High Church leaders.

The Rectory of Buckhurst Hill has been offered to the Rev. Henry Gee, D.D., late senior tutor of the London College of Divinity. Canon Pelham, the retiring Rector, now becomes Vicar of Great Yarmouth. Buckhurst Hill is in many respects one of the most attractive livings near London. Although the district has been much built over during recent years, it is possible in a short walk to escape into the most beautiful recesses of Epping Forest. Chigwell, famous for its association with Barnaby Rudge, is not far from Buckhurst.

The Church Times mentions that rumour is already busy with naming the place of meeting for the first Congress of the new century. Bristol, Brighton, and Canterbury are each suggested. Why should not Canterbury, which has never entertained the Congress, claim the privilege attaching to its rank as the primal city of England?

The services in connection with the reopening of "Spurgeon's Tabernacle" will continue week by week till the middle of October, when it is hoped that

Dr. Alexander MacLaren may preach the concluding sermon. One of the best of the early speeches was that of Dr. Monro Gibson, who returned about the middle of September from his holiday at Marienbad. He was there for some weeks along with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and left the Liberal leader still enjoying the benefits of that health-giving resort.

One of the best platform-speakers in the Church of England is Mr. Eugene Stock, Secretary of the Church Missionary Society. He held an immense audience at Exeter Hall spellbound when he described, at Mr. Sankey's meeting a fortnight ago, how he had heard the familiar American Revival hymns sung by native Christians in many parts of the world. Like most mission secretaries, Mr. Stock has been a great traveller, but, curiously enough, he has never visited China.

Miss Susan Wordsworth, sister of the Bishop of Salisbury, has been installed as Head of the "Grey Ladies," or College of Women Workers at Blackheath. The retiring Head is Miss Yeatman, sister of the Bishop of Southwark. The old chapel on Blackheath Hill, where the members and associates gathered to bid farewell to their old leader, will now be dismantled, as the larger one will be opened later in the autumn.

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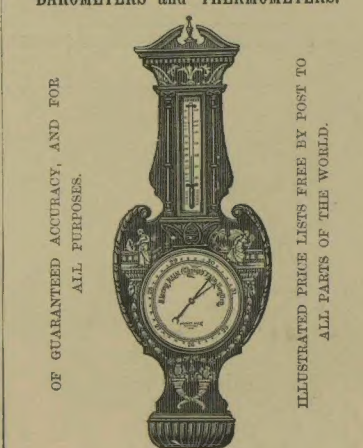
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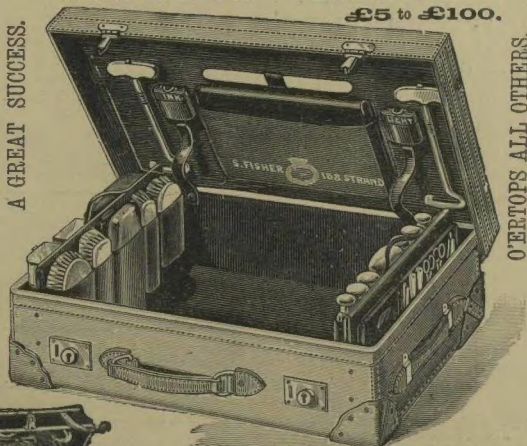


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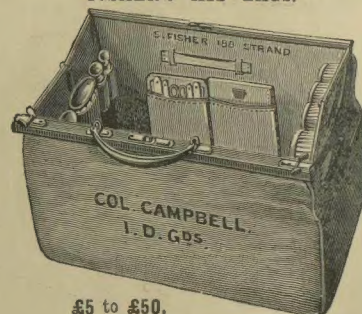
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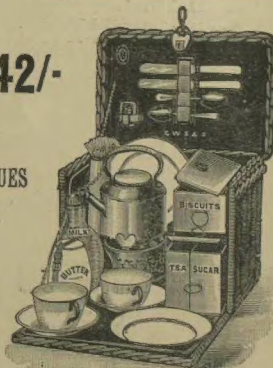
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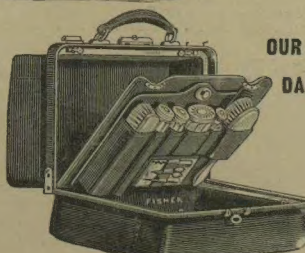
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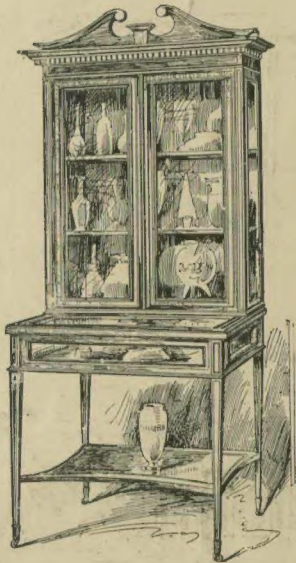
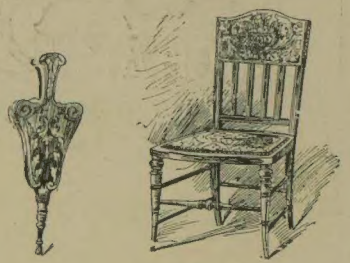
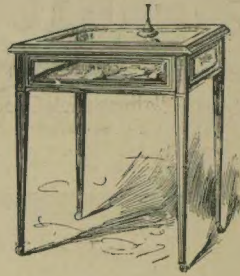
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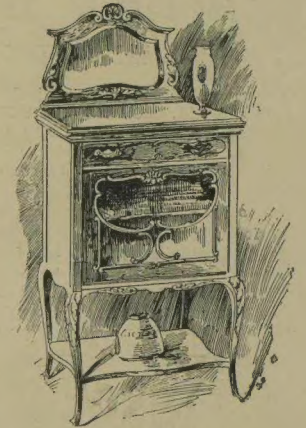
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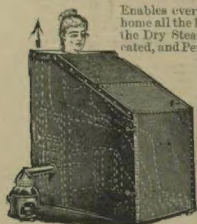
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